

The Yukon Valley Gold Fields.

With Eight Portraits and Twelve Views of Alaska Scenery and Life.

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GRANT'S FARM LIFE--With Heretofore Unpublished Pictures.



PICTURESQUE HAWAII--By Carmen Harcourt Austin.

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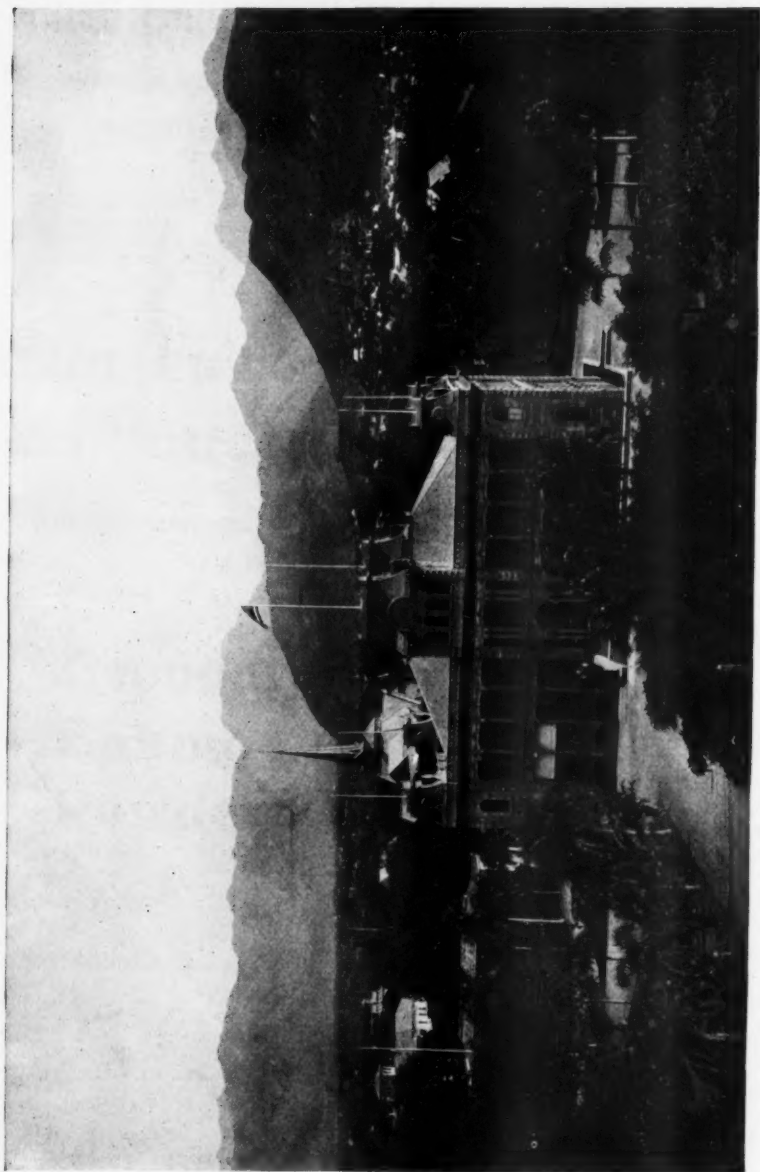
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HONOLULU.

The Administration Building, formerly the Queen's Palace, in the foreground.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

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PICTURESQUE HAWAII.

BY CARMEN HARCOURT AUSTIN.

THE origin of the Hawaiian race, which is entirely distinct from the Malayan, is a matter of conjecture and dispute. The best authorities, however, are inclined to give the Hawaiians an Aryan beginning somewhere in Arabia or Asia Minor. There, as shown by legends and events chronicled in Jewish history, the race was brought in contact with the early Cushite and Chaldean civilization, where it derived the sacred traditions to be found in all its legends. They subsequently drifted into India, where they amalgamated with the Dravidian races, and, following the channels of commerce, at length settled in the Asiatic Archipelago. The period of this settlement is not known, but history as perpetuated in legends leads to the presumption that during the first and second centuries, inspired by Malay and Hindoo invasion, the Polynesians gradually emigrated by families and communities to the remote islands of the Pacific.

Their first rendezvous was supposed to have been the Fiji group, where they left their impress on the native Papuans. After a sojourn of several generations, they were probably expelled from the Fijis, and next sought a home in the Samoan and Society islands. They reached the uninhabited Hawaiian group about A. D. 550.

A distinguished chief, Nanaula, was the first to arrive, probably from Tahiti. He came with his followers in large double canoes, bringing seeds and germs of useful plants. They settled on Kauai, whence they spread to the other islands of the group. There is a tradition that soon after the arrival of the Tahitians, there arose a great storm, which destroyed a

fleet of canoes with their occupants, and that this fatality had the effect of stopping immigration from the south. For more than four hundred years the Hawaiians lived sequestered from the world. They built temples, sustained a priesthood, and by oral transmission preserved their traditions and chronological tables. They multiplied and spread over the several islands, maintaining their ancient religion and obeying their chiefs. This was the Saturnian or golden age of the Hawaiians, and little beyond the names of the governing chiefs has been preserved in the way of tradition.

Early in the eleventh century a state of extraordinary activity of mind prompted the Polynesians to sail the seas in search of adventure, and a large number of natives from the Society group, under the guidance of Nanamao, a warlike chief, arrived and settled on the islands of Maui, Oahu and Hawaii. Their aggressions led to a series of wars which lasted for three centuries. Then came a high chief, Pili, from Samoa, who established himself on Hawaii and founded the dynasty from which the Kamehameha line drew their strain, and to which the late king, Kalakaua, and ex-queen, Liliuokalani, trace their lineage.

Again all intercourse with the southern groups ceased and the Hawaiians remained secluded for more than six hundred years. During this period they developed into a wonderful people. They were entirely without metals, and with implements of stone, wood and bone they constructed huge temples of stone, erected dwellings, cultivated their fields, hollowed out their canoes and equipped themselves

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for battle. Their weapons were spears, javelins, slings, battle-axes and knives of bone or shark's teeth. They were unacquainted with the bow and arrow, unlike almost all uncivilized races. They fought without shields and met death without fear. They knew something of the arts of war and divided their forces into right and left wings and center.

Until the close of the last century, all the islands were under independent governments. The sovereigns were all related by blood or marriage, yet wars were frequent among them and many of their

other crime could deprive a chief of his rank or property. The nobility spoke a language, composed of allegorical expressions, which was not understood by the commonality, and was a means of secret communication between them. This language is not understood in Hawaii to-day, except to a very limited extent, and is said to have been rich in metaphor and poetic beauty. The insignia of a chief were the ivory clasp, the feather wreath and the feather cape. The beautiful yellow and red feathers are extremely rare, but one being found under the wing of



WAIKEA, NEAR HILO, HAWAII.

battles were sanguinary almost beyond belief. A wide gulf separated the nobility from the masses, and marriage between them never occurred. To prevent imposition, in the absence of written records, there was instituted a college of heraldry before which all the chiefs were compelled to appear at regular intervals and recite their genealogies. Each family had its herald, who corroborated or corrected his chief and orally transmitted to his children the lineage of the family he served. There were many grades of chiefs, those of the lower rank paying tribute to a suzerain, and no treason or

the bird which the natives call the *o-o*, said to exist only in the region of the volcano Kilauea. The feathers are very beautiful when solidly woven into capes, the method of weaving being now a lost art.

The ancient religion was a curious blending of idolatrous forms and sacrifices with the story of the Pentateuch. Their legends of the creation, flood and dispersion, including the fall of man and his expulsion from paradise, are almost identical with the Jewish version. They have a trinity, Kane, the originator, Ku, the builder, and Lono, the executioner.



HAWAIIAN FERNS AND GROUP OF NATIVE HAWAIIANS.

Their legends refer to a creation prior to that of Adam, but for some act of disobedience the man and woman were destroyed.

Among the most remarkable of the ancient institutions were the temples of refuge, corresponding with the cities of refuge of the ancient Jews. No one, not even a king, could enter the sacred enclosure in search of a fugitive. The temples were capable of holding a multitude of people and it was customary in times of war to leave within their protecting walls women, children and the aged.

When Captain Cook landed on the Hawaiian Islands, in 1776, the population numbered about four hundred thousand. Each island was governed by its own king, but a young prince of Hawaii finally subjugated the entire group and placed the descendants of Pili, the great Samoan king, on the throne of the united kingdom of Hawaii. Kamehameha in a larger field of action might have figured as a second Cæsar or Alexander. He conquered the world as known to

him, and was acknowledged king of four hundred thousand people.

In 1819, occurred an event unprecedented in the history of nations. The natives observed with awe and wonder the daily infraction by foreigners of their ancient *tabus*, and their impunity did not fail to impress the Hawaiians and shake their faith in their laws and the powers of their gods. The restrictions were particularly irksome to women, and to a woman belongs the honor of having abolished the cruel system. Queen Kāhuanu prevailed upon the reigning monarch to test the virtue of the *tabu*, and he made a great feast and publicly ate with his women,—an act which had been prohibited from time immemorial. Seeing that the earth did not open and overwhelm the sacrilegious monarch, the people threw off their bonds, destroyed their temples and idols and abolished the priesthood. Six months later the first missionaries arrived and found a people practically without a religion. The Christian religion was established, the

people educated and their language reduced to written form.

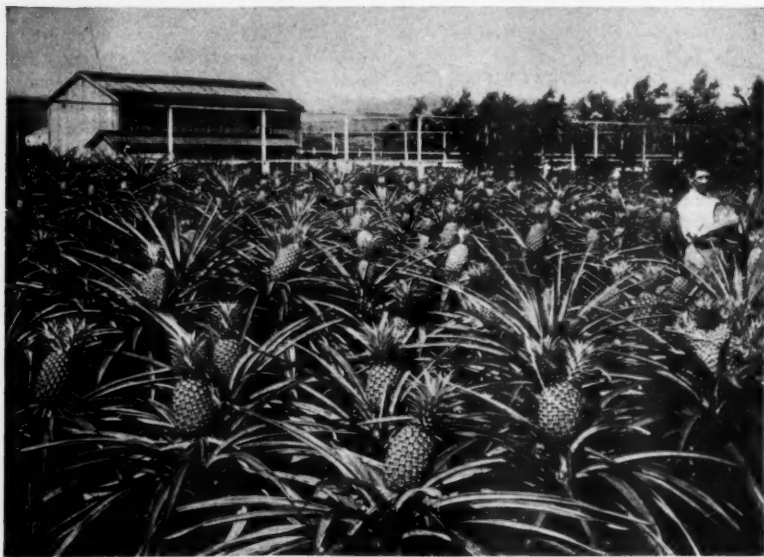
The Hawaiian alphabet consists of twelve letters. There are no diphthongs, and two, three and four vowels, every one of which is distinctly enunciated, are frequently found unseparated by consonants. The language as spoken by the lower classes is harsh and guttural, but the educated Hawaiians speak with a fluent grace that surpasses the French or the Italian. In sound it resembles the general flow of the Latin languages, as the vowels have all the French quality and the accent is not dissimilar.

The Hawaiian Islands occupy a central position in the north Pacific, no land being within 2,100 miles. The group consists of ten islands, some of which are barren rocks, and the entire area is about 6,200 square miles. Only about 25 per cent of the land is susceptible of cultivation, sugar cane, rice and taro being the principal products. The present population does not exceed 90,000, of which about one-half are natives, the re-

mainder being American, English, German, Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese. As a distinct race the natives are vanishing from the face of the earth, and it is but a matter of a few years when they will have succumbed to social and physical conditions foreign to their nature and poisonous to their blood.

The folk-lore of the Hawaiians abounds in princely exploits of knight errantry, in no wise inferior to the chivalrous adventures of other lands. There are tales so similar to those of the Greek mythology that one is compelled to concede them a common origin. One of the most beautiful of the legends is similar in almost every detail to that celebrated by Homer in the Iliad—a Hawaiian Helen and a Polynesian Paris. The supernatural is a prominent factor and divinities of earth and air are frequently introduced, and the assistance of water gods is often alluded to.

The native Hawaiians have many inherent defects of character; they have, also, many admirable traits. They are



A PINEAPPLE FIELD NEAR HONOLULU.

gentle in speech and manner, generous, kind and affectionate, but they are weak and as easily led as children, and have little respect for the Christian standard of virtue and morality. There is nothing in their history or folk-lore to prove that they were ever cannibals, although it was not infrequent for a chief to bite the heart of a rival killed in battle, believing that he would thus become endowed with his adversary's brave qualities. The natives are very superstitious, and, despite the fact that nine-tenths of them are professed Christians, they are greatly under the influence of the *Kahunas*, or priests. Though their practices are forbidden by law, they ply their trade openly, and seldom can sufficient evidence be secured to send them to "the reef," as the Hawaiian prison is called.

The superstition dearest to the native heart is that for a sum of money or other consideration he can have the *Kahunas* pray an enemy to death, and so great is the faith in these charlatans that the victim usually dies of sheer fear when he becomes convinced that he is under a spell.

The virtue of massage, or *lomi-lomi*, is well understood and has been practiced by the natives from remote times. It is particularly efficacious in the treatment of bruises and sprains which have resisted all other remedies.

The climate of the Hawaiian Islands is the most salubrious in the world. The atmosphere is always clear and there is absolutely no fog. The average temperature is 74 degrees Fahrenheit; the average of the coldest months is 69 degrees and the warmest 78 degrees; the extreme lowest temperature is 50 degrees, and the highest 90 degrees. Showers are frequent at all seasons in many portions, while in other portions rain seldom or never falls. At Hilo it rains almost every day in the year, the fall being one hundred and forty inches, while at Honolulu it is about fifty inches. Snow can nearly always be seen on Mauna Kea, and perpetual fires seethe in the crater of Kilauea,

thirty miles distant. The cooling trade winds prevail during nine months of the year and the climate is enjoyable under all conditions.

The natives have become absolutely reconciled to the present form of government, and have no hope or desire to return to the monarchical system. President Dole has proved a wise and beneficent ruler, and enjoys the esteem of native and foreigner alike. The cosmopolitan character of the population invites political upheavals and revolutions, and President Dole has shown rare discretion and judgment in his executive capacity. He is a Hawaiian by birth, of sturdy American parentage, and he is the peer of any sovereign on earth in culture, commanding presence, integrity and honesty.

Practically the United States established a protectorate over the islands in 1876, when the Reciprocity Treaty, allowing the free admission of sugar in return for exclusive naval facilities, was concluded. Honolulu has since been a home port for American ships, and American force has been paramount in Hawaiian waters. Geographically, commercially and socially the dominant power in the islands must be that of the United States. Annexation would prove a serious if not fatal blow to the sugar industry of the islands, as the system of contract labor there is in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and without this system, sugar cannot be profitably grown there. In 1882, there were fifty-seven plantations on the islands, all of which were paying largely on the capital invested. At present there are but forty-seven in operation. The first shipment of sugar, in 1837, was 4,286 pounds; now the annual output is about 300,000,000 pounds. The industry has undoubtedly reached its maximum, as most of the land adapted to the growth of cane is under cultivation, and other products are receiving more attention since sugar growing is no longer profitable. Irrigation is necessary for the successful growing of cane on all the islands except Hawaii, where the rainfall is heav-



LANING PASSENGERS ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

iest. The field laborers are Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Hawaiians, but the *kanaka* is not enamoured of work in any form, and seldom remains long in one position. The Portuguese come from Madeira and the Azores in shiploads of from eight hundred to one thousand, under an iron-clad contract. Each plantation employs from three hundred to a thousand men, and constitutes a small village in itself.

The cultivation of coffee is now being prosecuted in earnest, and even the far-

famed Mocha is not a more delectable beverage than Kona coffee when it is properly cured. Soil of volcanic origin is best suited to its growth, and it thrives at an elevation of twelve hundred to two thousand feet.

Since 1841 the value of imports into the Hawaiian Islands has increased from \$350,347 to \$5,104,481; the value of exports from \$164,641 to \$9,140,794; the custom house receipts from \$14,263 to \$522,855, and the number of Hawaiian vessels from fifteen to fifty-one.

When Captain Cook discovered the islands, in 1776, the natives were a healthy people, entirely exempt from skin diseases of any sort. The Chinese are responsible for the introduction of leprosy. The average tourist sees nothing of the victims of this most loathsome of all diseases, as all lepers are confined to the island of Molakai, where they are humanely treated and well cared for at the expense of the government. The colony numbers about twelve hundred, of whom more than nine-tenths are natives or Chinese.

All the islands are mountainous in the

interior, some of the peaks reaching 10,000 to 14,000 feet. Dense forests cover the mountain sides, and nowhere else except in the Himalaya Mountains are found such magnificent fern trees. The banana, breadfruit, papaya, tamarind and orange trees are indigenous, and flowers in a bewildering variety are found everywhere. The views of mountain and valley, ocean and lofty plateau are grandly beautiful. There is no more magnificent spectacle on earth than the seething cauldron of Kilauea, the "house of everlasting fire." The pen pauses for words in which to describe this wondrous crater,



RICE FIELDS NEAR HONOLULU.

with its spouting fires and fantastically twisted masses of black, molten lava.

Pearl Harbor is about twelve miles from Honolulu, and by the expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars could be made one of the finest harbors in the world. On many portions of the coast it is impossible to build wharves, because of rocks and coral reefs, and passengers are sometimes lifted ashore from small boats by means of a derrick, an experience which one does not care to repeat.

No other country presents in so small an area so many spots of romantic interest; no climate is so mild and alluring; no people are so gentle, so simple of manner and so genuinely hospitable and altogether lovable as the sons and daughters of beautiful Hawaii *nei*. Here is a rich field of research for historian and student; and poet and artist are impelled to the exercise of their highest powers, inspired by the witching beauty of the "Fortunate Isles."



SHE IS DEAD.

DEAD she is; and the glowing embers,
Fancy fired in the olden days,
All are ashes, and life remembers
Few, indeed, of her words and ways.

It was eve, and the year was vernal;
Soft the breeze and the sky was fair;
Youth is longing and love eternal,—
O the deeps of her eyes and hair!

Slow we walked with our happy faces
Down the depths of the shaded gloom,
And our souls in their love-embraces
Wedded there in the orchard bloom.

It was nothing! A hand-clasp only,
Just a kiss in the shadows low;
But my heart when she died was lonely,
And I wept in my sorrow so!

It was nothing! We parted; parted,
Ne'er to meet in the world again,
She with love of the good glad-hearted;
I so sad with the griefs of men.

It was nothing! But from me never
Lifts the touch of her tender lips;
Through my veins there will romp forever
Thrills that fell from her finger-tips.

Dead she is, and she lies out yonder,
Cold as the gravestones are, and white;
But forever our souls shall wander
Hand in hand through the fields of light.

Freeman E. Miller.

"PRINCESS" ANGELINE.

BY JENNIE SIMPSON-MOORE.

A STOOPED, feeble form, able to move about only by the aid of a stick, a face in whose lines are written the history of a long journey through this vale of tears—who of the uninitiated would suspect that the dirty, ragged object before us is "Princess Angeline"?

I can imagine that if you are possessed of the least of that quality of mind known as sarcasm, you will exclaim "Princess of what?" If, however, you have not encountered the "Princess" on a visit to Seattle, you have seen in many windows photographs, paintings, wood-cuts, pictures galore of this Indian Princess, and but few tourists have turned their backs on Seattle without visiting this living mummy. Disappointment is the portion of him who expected to be received as at an Eastern Court, for the place Angeline calls home differs not in description from a hundred other shacks which line the water-front, and without a guide it would be almost impossible to find her.

You are usually met at the door by a rosy-cheeked squaw to whom some one of your party is supposed to be able to say, "Kum-tux Boston wa-wa?" (Can you talk English?)

Answered in the affirmative, which answer is in the form of an ominous grunt and a sudden jerk of the head, you ask the dusky maiden to tell Angeline that a Boston (white) lady or gentleman has called to see her.

The young woman turns her back upon you, exchanges a few sentences of Chinook jargon with the Princess, and you are requested to enter. Within, you find the object of your visit seated upon an old cot, and made comfortable by rags, old shoes, tin cans, etc. Having, no doubt, heard that this little withered creature before you was once a belle; the admired of all (Indian) admirers, your surprise and disappointment are more easily imagined

than told, for you would as soon think of dancing a hornpipe with the North Pole as in any way connecting this pile of rags and bones with a romance.

However, there is a romance, and I will tell it to you as it is generally accepted. I have been told that it has been written, but no one I have met has seen it, and yet there are but few who have not heard of this *affaire amour*. The visitor may withdraw from the abode of the Princess while I tell this little story, for with these surroundings, dirt and smells innumerable and indescribable, he would look upon me as a dispenser of falsehoods. But please, Mr. Visitor, skeptical or believing, do not forget the very much expected potlatch (present) to the Princess; and I'll suggest it be in the form of money, as that sort of offering is very acceptable in her sight.

Sixty or seventy years ago, Sealth (Seattle) was the most powerful chief of the northwest, the son of Schweate, a noted chief of the Sequampsh tribe. He was tall, handsome, just and mild; he was respected and loved by all. From this same chief the beautiful city of Seattle was named, and justly too, for he it was who prevented the massacre of the inhabitants of the village in 1856.

The father of eight children, five daughters and three sons, his home life is represented as an ideal one.

To this happy home came Nakopton, a handsome brave from "down Sound," to woo, and perchance to win, Seattle's beautiful daughter Wee-wo-yeke (Angeline). It was soon plain that this fair-to-look-upon-son of the forest touched chords in the heart of the maiden that responded to his own.

But the father had other plans which, as head of the family and of the tribe, he insisted must be respected. Pleadings were in vain. We know not the sad



"PRINCESS" ANGELINE.

lonely hours spent in prayer to the Great Spirit to deliver her from Sosowha, the young man for whom her father and the fates had designed her. To obviate the possibility of a *mesalliance* as the father considered it, the guests were soon summoned to the marriage feast of Sosowha and Weewoyeke. No time for dreams of what might have been; she was drawn into the excitement of preparation for the approaching nuptials.

We have no reason to suspect that the heartaches of this poor Indian girl, differed from those that visit the fairest of her white sisters. Weewoyeke did not try to conceal her emotions by participating in a round of gayeties; but to the winds and waves she opened her heart, for in the life before her there was no love nor joy, nor light, nor peace. To these imaginative creatures of the forest,

the elements were spirits that could understand their emotions, and to them many words poetic and thoughts sublime were whispered that no mortal ever heard.

The wailing, sighing winds and restless dashing waves were voices which echoed the feelings of her storm-tossed heart. The thought that these understood and were in sympathy with her was the one ray of light in the dark future that lay before her.

With due form and ceremony she became the wife of the man of her father's choice, and, though an unwilling mate, she took up this new thread

of her life and with no outward sign of the deep anguish of her heart, began to weave good deeds as an obedient and faithful if not loving wife.

Years passed. The brave whom Seattle had destined to be a great chief, from intimate association with the white man had become a habitual imbibor of "fire water," and had fallen so far down the social scale that his very name was a synonym for contempt.

What of the wife? Had she forgotten the romance of her girlhood? She was a daughter worthy of a Seattle. With the fortitude of a queen she suffered, endured uncomplainingly abusive treatment heaped upon her.

Angeline meanwhile performed the duties such as devolve upon an Indian wife, her burdens made heavier by the cruel treatment of the savage husband.

Left as she was for months at a time, after their removal beyond the fair land of her birth, in the cold climate to which she was not accustomed, she was forced to struggle hard for a bare living.

Days had been born in rosy tints and died in gorgeous hues; moons had waxed and waned, since she beheld the face of her unworthy husband, when word was brought her that he had departed this life for the clambakes of the happy hunting grounds.

She was soon sought and found by the old-time keeper of her heart, and they were married. Many years of happiness were vouchsafed, and to them were born Na-kop-ton and Wee-wo-ye-ka, two children, a son and a daughter, the younger of whom acted several years as interpreter for her grandfather, Chief Seattle.

The subject of the sketch is now husbandless, childless and almost mindless. She does not know her age, which is said to be over one hundred years, sometimes imagining herself quite youthful; but she distinctly remembers events of her early life, and tears will course down her wrinkled brown face when the name of friends of her happier days are mentioned.

Two years ago one of Seattle's oldest settlers died, and no one who attended that funeral will ever forget the pathetic spectacle this poor old Indian woman presented, as she stood silently gazing upon the face of the dead. As if she would fathom the mystery of death, she stood, oblivious of her surroundings, her lips moving though no sound escaped, and drop, drop, fell the tears on the face of her old friend. In reverence every head was bowed, and many eyes were wet with tears—for the living.

I admit that a glance at this, dirty, ragged form is not calculated to inspire one with poetical or romantic emotions, but there are few people who have heard the story of Princess Angeline's life but would look the second time, and with deeper interest, at this living monument of the past.

We leave the Princess here in this beautiful rose-bedecked land of the setting sun, waiting on the western horizon of life, only adding that, of all this once numerous family, but one descendant, Joe Foster, aged forty years, a grandson of Angeline, is left to perpetuate the house of Sealth, or Seattle.



LONG'S PEAK.

GRAND, mighty monument of ages past,
Where Nature stores her treasures manifold,
Her wonders undividable, untold,
How beautiful, mysterious and vast,
The mold in which thy massive form is cast!
With Earth's foundation thou wast formed of old,
A towering giant, firm and strong and bold,
Unchangeable and silent to the last.

A landmark is thy glistening head, snow-crowned,
Held upward to the blue, o'er-reaching sky;
The sweetest flowers upon thy bosom lie,
With vines and rocks thy steadfast breast is bound,
With forest trees thy waist is girded 'round,
And streamlets grow to torrents rushing by.

Sarah E. Howard.



By permission of Edward Joy, Esq., the present owner of the cabin.

THE LOG CABIN GRANT BUILT.

Built in 1854 of logs hewn in part by Captain Ulysses S. Grant on his retirement from the regular army. The corner prominent in this picture was joined and fitted by Grant in person. The cabin was originally located on Mrs. Grant's farm, situated in St. Louis county, about ten miles from the city. General Grant subsequently owned the entire Dent plantation, but sold it to Captain Cohn, of St. Louis, at the time of his financial embarrassment in New York. The latter sold the cabin to Captain Joy for \$5,000, and he removed it to his own home near St. Louis, where it still stands in a good state of preservation.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

By COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)

(Begun in the October Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

GRANT RESIGNS FROM THE ARMY, AND
RETIRE TO A FARM IN ST. LOUIS
COUNTY, MISSOURI.

THE expensive conditions of life on the Pacific coast in 1853 made it quite impossible to support a wife and two children on the pay of a captain. The remote prospects of promotion in those times of peace, with no war-clouds visible or in prospect, made Grant's isolation from his family a distressing situation to him, and as time progressed he

became more dissatisfied with the separation which official and professional duty imposed upon him. Captain Grant had formed a strong attachment for the Pacific coast, and had been hopeful of being able at some time to remove thither with his family, and settle permanently in that land of golden promise. But in those "flush times" when all was gold that glittered in that region, and when prices of every item required for family use was as "altitudinous" as the mountains that looked down upon the fertile valleys

and golden canons, Grant saw no immediate prospect of establishing himself there.

His pay, in fact, was little more than adequate to support *himself* in a country so expensive as a place of residence. He determined, therefore, in the spring of 1854, to resign from the army, return to private life, and rejoin his family in Missouri.

He obtained leave of absence in March, and tendered his resignation at the same time, to take effect on July 31, 1854. If nothing better offered he could at least retire, with the little family he loved, to the farm of his wife adjoining the Dent, or White Haven homestead.

Grant made his final report, packed his few belongings as Captain on garrison duty, and, although his heart rejoiced at the prospect of soon meeting his family, he was sad at parting forever from his army friends and associates, and at the

thought of abandoning a profession in which he had received the highest training his country could give him. By his own act he had set aside all his military ambitions, making impossible, as he supposed, to realize any of his early dreams of a military career.

Shall we shut our eyes on this picture and open them again, just ten years later, in the early days of March, 1864?

Aladdin's dream is scarcely more wonderful than the contrast.

With superlative genius and cyclonic swiftness he had swept the Mississippi Valley with his victorious legions, in campaigns as marvelous as they were triumphant; and on these anniversary days of his retirement from the old army on the far-off Pacific slope, we see him standing, with his manly little soldier-son, at the Capital of the Nation,—summoned thither by its chief magistrate,—before President Cabinet and other dignitaries,



From an old photograph never before in print.

CAPTAIN GRANT. THE FARMER.

Leaning against the wheel of an old wagon on his farm in St. Louis county, explaining to a young horse-fancier the good points of a favorite horse,

of State; and quietly, and with the same unostentatious coolness and composure which seemed always a part of his nature, receiving his commission as Lieutenant-General of all the armies! And this honor, not the reward of personal or political favor, but *deserved* and *earned*—extended him because he filled the measure of his country's needs and expectations!

In 1854, the trip from California to St. Louis was neither one of speed nor of

sands of armed men, in which the fate of the Nation was to be decided.

CHAPTER II.

GRANT'S "PENURY" DENIED—NEW LIGHT THROWN UPON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE ARMY.

There has been an effort by some writers and after-dinner orators to make it appear that Grant was so impecunious when he resigned from the old army, in 1854, that he had to depend upon

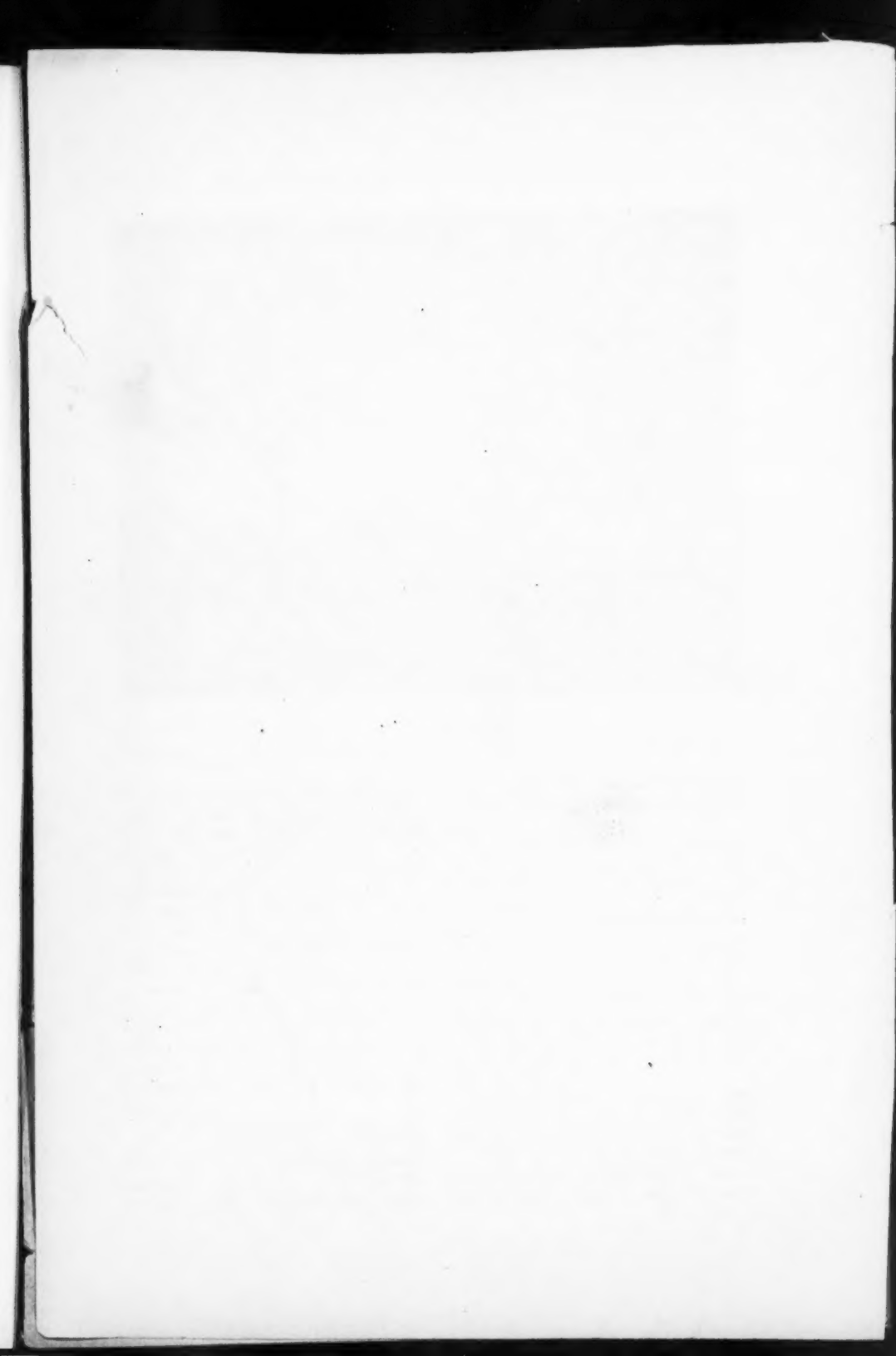


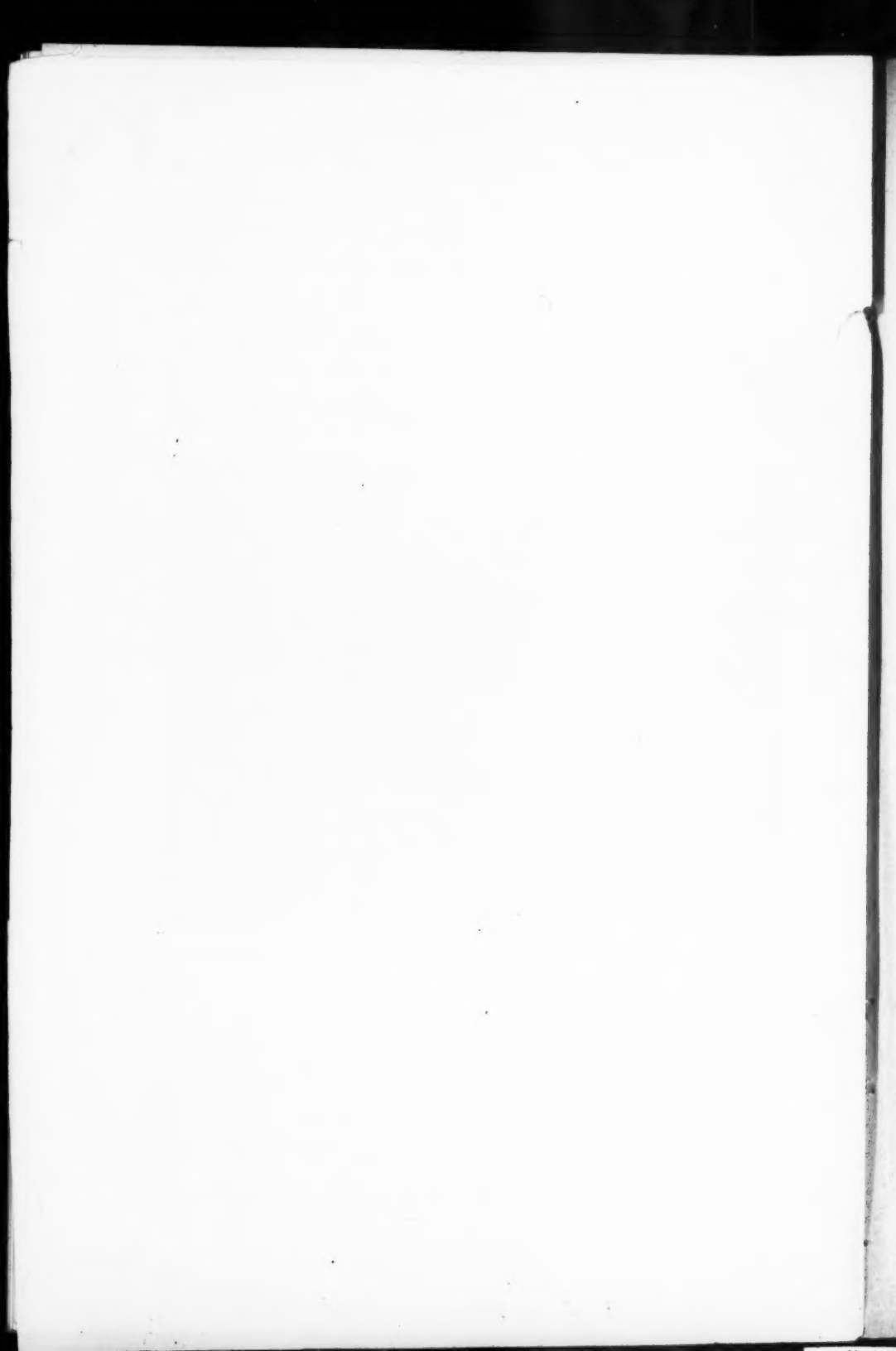
From an old photograph never before in print.

SOME OF GRANT'S PETS.
Grant's farm, St. Louis county, in 1858.

pleasure, and Grant's homeward journey was uneventful. We come in contact with him again after he joins his family at St. Louis, in the summer of 1854,—just ten years prior to that mighty death-grapple with Lee, in the "Wilderness" of Virginia. Another contrast—in one picture we see the happy meeting between Captain Grant and his family, and in the other, the struggle of hundreds of thou-

the bounty of friends for means with which to return home. This is not true. He had means of his own to pay, and did pay, his own expenses home. He also aided others, and had four months' pay and allowances as captain still due him up to July 31, 1854. The circumstance which Grant relates as a joke upon himself—that he and a brother officer raised a patch of potatoes at Vancouver, part of which were destroyed







From a recent photograph.

THE OLD LIME-KILN ON THE GRANT FARM.

Now called "Grant Wood," in St. Louis county, ten miles from the city, where Grant lived as a farmer from 1854 to 1858.

by an overflow, and the remainder valueless in the market—is exploited as a speculation and a failure. Grant had not a dollar invested in the enterprise.

It has been related that he sent a ship laden with ice to San Francisco market, and that this, too, was a failure. There is no truth in this story. Grant never speculated. His spare money was sent home to his family. He never engaged in buying hogs and cattle in Oregon and shipping them to San Francisco, as has been stated. He attended strictly to his official duties, and did not violate the ethics of the service by engaging, even indirectly, in commercial business and speculations.

It is true that Grant was a poor man; yet he was better off than most officers in the army, for he was economical in all his habits. He did not go in debt. He did not gamble. He saved every dollar

of his income which he was not obliged to spend in keeping up his position in the army.

Grant was promoted to a captaincy July 5, 1853. He therefore drew over \$100 a month in pay and allowances for nine months before he left California; and nearly seven months of that time were spent at the quiet, isolated post at Humboldt Bay, where there was little society and no opportunity of spending money. He was obliged to wear neat, clean and becoming apparel as captain in the regular service, and Grant was always as well dressed as his brother officers in the old army.

He had not been on any duty to mar his uniform. He came on a clean vessel from Humboldt to San Francisco; and yet these romancers say that when he arrived he was "shabby" and "he had a look of utter despair." And this, be it

remembered, at a time when his heart was full of joy at the prospect of an early meeting with his family. These are slanders which no act in Grant's life justifies.

When he reached San Francisco Grant drew \$250 back pay and expense money for court martial service. Two hundred and fifty dollars was a small sum to be sure, but this much he had in gold,—he was neither "penniless" nor "a pauper."

How do I know this? it may be asked. The story is very plain and very simple, and the slanders are sufficiently important to justify the truth being related with some detail.

In 1859 the writer was the junior member of the law firm of Pipkin & Emerson, at Ironton, Missouri. Judge Pipkin, the senior member, was a brother-in-law of Judge Long, of St. Louis county, who was one of Captain Grant's nearest neighbors and most intimate friends. Judge Long frequently came to Ironton to visit Judge Pipkin, and he and the writer became friends. Long was always ready with some interesting episode of Grant's Mexican War and California experiences. On one of his visits he went with me to look at a cottage I was having built. The carpenters were at work, and Judge Long and I, after looking about, seated ourselves on a saw-bench, and continued our conversation. He mentioned Grant's name. Mr. Babcock, who was head carpenter, heard it, came to us, and asked Judge Long if it was Captain Grant, of St. Louis county, he was speaking about. Judge Long answered, "Yes, it is that same Captain Grant." Babcock said, "Well, I guess he saved my life on the Isthmus, in 1854, coming from California. (I had also been in the Mexican War with him; set up his wagons at Vera Cruz, and drove one of his teams a while.) I was sick with rheumatism coming home from California, and only had money to pay my passage to Panama, where I expected to get able to work and earn money to come home on a later steamer. But I was very sick when we got there, and I begged Captain Grant to

loan me enough to take me home. He let me have forty dollars, and he took care of me, too. It's too bad, I've never paid him back the money, but I will, though."

As we walked away from the building, Judge Long remarked to me, "That's just like Grant; he would always divide his last dollar with a friend in distress." When Long returned to St. Louis he told Captain Grant about meeting Babcock and what he had said.

A few days later the writer received from Captain Grant a letter enclosing an old worn and stained note written by Babcock in 1854 at Panama, and which he had forced Grant to take. It was for forty dollars, and I was requested to collect it if I could do so without distressing the maker. The interest on it for the five years amounted to twelve dollars. I took the responsibility of discounting two dollars from the interest to induce Babcock to pay it. He paid me forty dollars in two gold coins, all he had, and I advanced the other ten dollars on his work, and cancelled and delivered to him the old note. When he tore it up he said, "This was worth \$1,000 to me; it saved my life."

A few days later I was in St. Louis and went to Grant's office to pay him the money collected from Babcock. Judge Long happened to be in the office and Captain Grant was relating to Long an incident which an old Mexican war veteran had been telling him that morning. After greeting me, he began again to relate the partly told story for my benefit. When he finished, I explained the success I had had in collecting his note from Babcock, and handed him the fifty dollars. He offered me ten dollars for my services, which I declined, expressing my pleasure at being able to oblige him, and that it had given me no trouble. He then cordially thanked me; and, looking at the two twenty dollar pieces, and turning them over in his hand in silence for a minute as if meditating, looked up at Judge Long and myself and said:

"These coins remind me of the ones I gave Babcock. I never expected to get

a cent of it again. They also remind me of my army life, and I may as well explain how I came to make this loan to an irresponsible sick man at Panama, when I was a poor man myself. After being promoted Captain, in July, 1853, and going to Humboldt, I was able to live a little cheaper and save some of my income to send home. When I resigned and came to San Francisco in the spring of 1854, on my way home, I had \$250 pay and allowances due me, which I collected. It was paid me in twenty-dollar pieces like these. I had to wait a few days for the next steamer, and I took a run, with another officer, out to the mines, to see an old friend; then returned a day or two before the steamer was to leave and secured my ticket to New York. As the army was paying the steamship company thousands of dollars for freight and transporting the army, it had become a custom of the company to give free passes to officers of the army who were returning on leave of absence. The Quartermaster, Major Allen, introduced me to the agent and vouched for my being on 'leave,' and he extended to me the usual courtesy, I paying my passage across the Isthmus. My trip to the mines, hotel bill and ticket across to Panama took about fifty dollars, and I remember I had just ten of these (still holding the coins in his hand and looking at them) when I went on the steamer.

"This man Babcock got rheumatism working in the cold water in the mines and came on the same steamer. He was sick when we reached Panama, and told me he had no money to pay his passage further, and appealed to me to take him along to New York. I could not leave an old soldier behind in that wretched place to die, so I gave him two of my coins. In a few days he was better and wrote out, pressed in my hand, and insisted on my taking, the note I sent you for collection. It had been lying in an old pocket-book for years and I never expected to hear from the man again. This comes as good now as if he had paid it back then.

"I divided one other piece between two

sick miners, friends of Babcock, who were returning home to Missouri as steerage passengers. This left me with only seven of these good fellows (looking at the coins and tossing them over in his hand) when I landed in New York. Then I had my four months' pay to begin my new life as a farmer."

After a moment of silence he added, "After all, my farm days were happy days, if only I could have had my health at it."

Then, rising, he remarked with a smile as he put the money in his pocket: "It seems odd to get fifty dollars for forty dollars loaned! I believe this is the first interest I ever received in my life, and I didn't know I was a capitalist before."

Grant was a poor man indeed,—God be thanked that his genius was not obscured by the influences of early fortune! But he was not "without means to get home"; did not look "shabby"; was not in "penury"; did not "look the picture of despair"; had twenty dollars to divide between two sick miners returning home on the steamer, and forty dollars to loan the sick carpenter; paid his own way, and had money when he reached home,—a brave, honest, independent Christian gentleman, owing no man anything.

CHAPTER III.

GRANT BEGINS LIFE AS A FARMER.

On entering upon his career as a farmer, the first duty that confronted Captain Grant was the erection of a house.

All the folk-lore gathered from those who once lived neighbors to Grant while a farmer, shows that he was ever as ready to perform with his own hands as he was with his head, every office that his position in life demanded. He assumed the actual duties of fitting up a home, and performed the necessary work required in those days of every man who engaged in farming with moderate means. And on the farm, as in military life, the same quiet persistency was his most pronounced characteristic.

On this interesting period in Captain

Grant's life, Gen. John W. Noble of St. Louis, late Secretary of the Interior, gave this interesting account in an address at a Grant Anniversary reunion in New York, which he has kindly allowed me to use. General Noble says:

There is a cabin, my friends, near the town in which I live, composed of rough hewn logs. It is of the old style. It has on either end a room, and through the center extends a porch or area. Long years ago the neighbors of a man gathered there and helped him to place those logs in position; helped him enjoy not only the labors, but also the festivities in what was then known as the "log house raising." It was his own home; it was the shelter raised by his own hands for his own family on his own farm.

The man who erected and lived in that house was the man who, in subsequent years, commanded the armies of the Union; who filled the Presidential chair, and who when he went forth among the nations of the earth was honored by the greatest in every clime and country. It was General Ulysses S. Grant.

There never was a time in the life of General Grant, no matter whether he was in the field in command of the armies, in the cabinet, or on his triumphal journey round the world, there never was a time when he forgot the days of that lowly toil whereby he learned the lessons of honor, integrity, self-reliance, the dignity of labor and the love of independence.

Genius he had that was superb; the power of organization almost beyond measure; and an intelligent grasp that enabled him to hold the mighty armies of the Union within his comprehensive grasp and direct their movements and their points of assault from the Atlantic ocean to the Mississippi and beyond.

Grant went on improving his farm, pursuing the uneventful life incident to the farmer in moderate circumstances, who is in no danger of having the burdens of a fortune thrust upon him as the result of his labors, and making a comfortable living, with all the peace and restfulness which come to the honest, fairly prosperous farmer who is out of debt, and has good digestion and a clear conscience.

Commercial people may make fortunes in prosperous eras, and anon be swept into bankruptcy by a panic or other disasters incident to business; but the mod-

erate farmer can at least sleep soundly, enjoy undisturbed dreams, unalarmed at the varying fortunes of trade or speculation, assured that next week and next year will find him "there or thereabouts." While Grant remained on his farm he worked as steadily, faithfully, and effectively as the average farmer of his time; though he performed no prodigies, he was up to the time in his mode of farming, in his attention to plowing, sowing and reaping; and out of it all peace and plenty were his rewards.

He modestly says in his *Memoirs* (vol. I, p. 211): "A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely and for a long time when a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and, while it did not keep me in the house, it did interfere greatly with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction and gave up farming."

It must not be understood that because Grant's house was called a "log cabin" it was rude or uncomfortable. On the contrary, the timbers were hewed, it was well constructed, was commodious and quite artistic in finish, as our illustration shows. It was surrounded by trees; also by roses and other flowers, and even the flocks of wild songsters found the environments a paradise of a home.

While the interior furnishings were plain, they were the perfection of quiet beauty, with such an air of refinement and good taste as to produce a most restful and happy effect.

Mrs. Henry T. Blow, after a visit to Mrs. Grant, wrote to a friend: "I quite envy her. No grand city home can compare with that log building. It's warm in winter and cool in summer; and oh, the happy life in the very heart of nature!

The spotless linen, the bits of delicate color in furnishings, the engravings on the walls, the books, reviews and magazines lying about, nowhere else look so fresh and so beautiful as in that country log cabin. It is the very expression of refinement, of culture and good taste. 'Cabin' is a misnomer. It is a castle if we are allowed to estimate the structure by the happiness, the thought and the culture within it."

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS IN THE FARM LIFE OF GRANT.

During many years of search for information as to Grant's characteristics while on the farm, as a farmer, a neighbor and a citizen, several people have been found by the writer, in widely separated portions of the country and at different times, who either worked for or lived near him, and came in touch with him during those years, and from these much has been learned which enables one to make a true estimate of his private character, and to correctly measure him as a man and as a citizen.

An old colored man, "Uncle Jason," who worked for Grant, cutting cord-wood, told me the Captain was the kindest man he ever worked for. "He used ter pay us several cents more a cord for cuttin' wood than anyone else paid, and some of the white men cussed about it, but Cap'n he jis' kep' right on a-payin' for er work jis' er same."

And this estimate was confirmed by an elderly white man who sympathized with the South in secession, but who was not in the army. This class of men never forgave Grant for his effective fighting, though the Confederate soldiers did.

It was several years after the war when this old gentleman of aristocratic bearing said to the writer, with a cynical smile of contempt: "Why yes,—ha! ha!—yes, I reckon I *did* know Grant! What you want to know? Something good? Well, sir, you understand I'm not exactly in that line. That fellow and Lincoln, they broke up the Confederacy and freed the — niggers, and I be —! No, sir! Oh, well, yes I re-

member cussing about his fooling away his money paying them — free niggers ten and fifteen cents a cord too much for cutting his wood and a-spoiling them, sir, spoiling them. Then, sir, if a poor cuss, white or black, got sick, or lame, or halt, or a-pretending, and he went about Grant, why, sir, he spoiled them, sir, with help, needless help, sir. No sir, he couldn't get on, sir, a-wasting and a-fooling away his money on that poor trash, sir.

"Oh, yes sir, Captain Grant worked; he worked as hard, sir, as anyone. Why sir, he hauled wood to town, sir, himself! Yes, sir,—ha! ha!—I give you my word, sir, he actually hauled cord-wood and sold it, sir! A great General? A man who hauled cord-wood a great General!" [with a look of supreme contempt]. "Sir, look at General Lee! Sir, would *he* haul cord-wood, or hoe potatoes? *He* was a General, sir! But Grant! No, I have no objection to change the subject, sir, not any, sir. Yes, Grant worked as well as anyone, and raised as good crops as his neighbors, sir, but he was always talking horse, sir. When we talked about politics and abolitionists, Grant talked about horses. He did know all about a horse, that's true, sir; never knew a better horseman,—except General Lee,—I never saw Lee, but I reckon he was a better horseman than Grant! No, sir, Grant was no General, sir; he stumbled on some pretty big victories. Yes, sir, when our fellows made mistakes, Grant, he just happened to blunder into the right place; but it was accidental, sir, pure accident, I tell you, sir! Ha! ha!—yes, Grant hauled wood, sir; I give you my word, sir, he hauled wood! Ha! ha!" And the old gentleman hobbled off with his cane, limping, chuckling and laughing to himself as he went, "Yes, sir, 'he hauled wood, sir; it's true as gospel, sir, true,—ha! ha!—he hauled wood!"

If he who seeks original information about Grant has the misfortune to meet exclusively this class of people, who are still wrapped in the old-time prejudices and who still have a sneer of contempt

for all that is plebeian and self-made and were not to the purple born, he will not find his store of actual knowledge of the great commander much increased, or his estimate much heightened.

On the other hand, if he come in touch with an actual Confederate soldier who did honest and brave fighting in the "Lost Cause," he finds a high estimate of Grant as a soldier and esteem for him as a man. If he fall in with the working man, with the moderate farmer, who, like Grant, did honest toil on the farm, he will touch a chord of sympathy in that man, and he will tell of such acts as will awaken memories of Grant as a farmer that will fill us with admiration for his sturdy, honest qualities as a man and a citizen. He will learn of Grant's humane heart, his sympathy with and ever ready helpfulness to the poor, the needy, the suffering, and the distressed.

If a poor man's cow was about to be sold by the constable, Grant, even to his own distress, was on hand to buy it and leave it with the poor man's wife.

A soldier in the writer's regiment during the war told him this incident of Grant's benevolent and humane disposition and persistency. He was a poor man, and lived near Grant's farm in 1855, and had worked for him at the house-building. He had a family, and the only property he possessed was an old mule, with which he was cultivating a rented field in corn. He had contracted a small debt which he expected to pay when his corn matured, but the importunate creditor sent a constable around with an execution and seized his mule. Its loss while his corn had to be cultivated meant ruin to his crop and to him, and distress to his family. As the constable led the mule away, the poor, distressed debtor went with him past Grant's farm, and on appeal of this poor man, Grant gave bond to the constable for delivery of the mule on the day of sale, and turned the animal over to the man.

At the sale ten days later Grant attended and bought the mule for twenty dollars, paid the money, though he had

borrowed part of it himself for that purpose. He told the poor man to take the mule home and use it until he wanted it. The execution was not entirely satisfied by the sale. The constable told the lawyer who was collecting the debt that Grant allowed the debtor to take the mule home with him, and the next week the constable was sent to seize the mule again. On being notified, Grant protested and forbade it, but he was informed that as there had been no "change of possession" of the mule from the debtor, as the law required, the sale would not hold good as against an existing creditor! Grant was puzzled, but on advice had to yield.

The mule was again "bonded" by Grant, and held by the poor man, and it was again sold. At this sale nobody bid against Grant, as all knew the circumstances, and it was sold for five dollars. Another bill of sale was taken, and then Grant led the mule home himself, and next day again turned it over to the poor man. He was sure all was safe this time. But, alas for the uncertainties of the law! Ten days later, one evening as Grant was sitting in the shade after a hard day on the farm, the constable again appeared leading that same old mule, and the poor man by his side in much distress. There was still an unpaid balance on that fatal execution, and the lawyer had sent the constable to make this third levy on the mule, on the ground that there had not been a "continued change of possession."

Here was finessing that was too refined for Grant's plain code of honesty, and he intimated that if that lawyer was around there convenient, the constable would have some other duties to attend to besides leading off that poor man's mule every few days. But the lawyer was not "around there convenient," so there was nothing left for Grant to do but either "bond" the mule again, or see it led away, and the poor man's corn go uncultivated. The mule was "bonded," and again went back to the poor man's corn field. And in due time the mule was sold

a third time, and knocked down to Grant at one dollar; and Grant took the mule home. Two days later Grant gave the man a letter of authority and told him to take that mule twenty-five miles over into Jefferson County, and trade it off for another mule, *for him*. This was done. The identity of the mule was thereby changed. Grant made out a written lease of the mule at one cent a month, and the man took the mule home and resumed his corn cultivation; and, said he, "Captain Grant never asked me for either rent or mule; he said he was going to have that old mule if he had to buy it once a week all summer!"

The soldier continued: "Every time I saw Grant for two or three years after that he would ask me if that constable had been around hunting his mule any more. I reckon Captain Grant would liked to have punched that constable, but Captain Grant was a mighty law-abidin' man,—mighty law-abidin' I tell you. He was always good to us poor, always a helpin' of us, and we all loved the Captain."

Another man who had worked for Grant relates the following unquestionably true incident:

"It was the second year Grant was on the farm, and it was in May. I was helping him load cord-wood in the woods to haul out near the house. A deer came along, walking around, browsing about, quite tame. Without saying a word to Captain Grant I ran off to my cabin, got my rifle and returned to shoot the deer. But when Grant saw me coming with my gun he forbade me shooting it, because he said it would be a violation of the law to kill a deer that season of the year. I told him everyone else killed deer any season when they had the opportunity. He said it could not be done on his land, that obedience to the law was the highest duty of every citizen, that if everyone would obey the law we would have good order, peace and prosperity; and I tell you, Colonel, I have never violated the law since."

Such minds are always the solid props

and supports of the State in emergencies.

General Noble relates the following incident illustrative of Grant's open-handed benevolence:

"When General Grant was upon his farm making his living 'by the sweat of his brow,' and cutting what were called 'props' for the coal mines then near St. Louis, he was one day returning home with his wagon and team, having obtained five dollars for the load he had delivered. On reaching the country blacksmith shop at the cross-roads, there was a discussion going on between three or four persons there assembled about an old German neighbor whose house had been burned the day before. His family were without a shelter, and destitute. What was to be done? Grant came along driving his team, and learning the cause of the German's distress, took from his pocket the five dollars he got for his load (it was all he had) and said, 'Give this to the man; and I wish it were more.' These elements of his character mark and signalize him through all his career. He was not a selfish or self-seeking man.

"When on the field of battle he had achieved a victory it was not, to his mind, a victory for Grant. There was no desire to elevate or magnify himself. It was the victory of the flag."

That Grant did not acquire surplus means while farming is accounted for by his constant giving; his benevolence was only limited by his inability to increase his largesses.

But it was not alone in money and other material assistance that Grant divided his bounty with the needy, but his time, wise and kindly advice and personal sympathy for his neighbors were always freely given. In his own quiet, unostentatious way, it seemed to be a part of his nature to "succor, help and comfort all" whom he found or who might appeal to him "in danger, necessity or tribulation."

And, unpretentious as he was, he was not lacking in the ability and disposition "to comfort and help the weak-hearted."

His was not a religion of show or pretense. The highest ideals of right-living

and right-doing were inbred in his nature, and he believed that a religion which did not manifest itself in good acts, kindly deeds, and the fulfillment of that supremest law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was not worth the possession. Indeed, I think Grant would have indorsed the idea expressed to the writer by a soldier in the army during the war, "Any other kind of religion isn't worth paying taxes on."

To illustrate how true all this was of Grant during his quiet farm days, when there was nothing to obscure the real man, or to prevent his true character from manifesting itself, I will relate, in her own language, an incident told to the writer by an old lady, widow of one of his soldiers, who had since the war drifted into an interior county. In 1856, this woman and her husband and small family lived near Grant's farm, and they knew him well. She said:

"O, yes, I must begin by saying God bless Captain Grant! That's what we called him afore the war up in St. Louis county. You see we were very poor, and my husband James—you know'd him in the army, I reckon,—he drank and drank, and got real bad to me and the children, and he got mad one day and saddled up 'Clay,'—that was our old horse,—and was going to drive off our only cow and sell 'em both, an' leave us an' go to Texas. I was mighty upset, an' I just run fast as I could over to Captain Grant. You see I sorter felt as if somehow that man could help me. He was in the pasture talkin' to an' a pettin' a pretty colt he had there. My hair was dangelin' around my shoulders an' I had lost my sun-bonnet, an' I was a-cryin' so I couldn't talk good; but he come to the fence, took off his hat (Captain Grant you know was always mighty good and polite to the ladies, poor ones as well as rich,) an' he asked me to tell him what was the matter of me. This sort o' quieted my excitable an' I told him what James—that was my husband—was goin' to do, and asked him to please come and ruffle-raffle James down. Then I stood a-cryin' like a

goose, an' Captain Grant looked at me, then he looked away off over the fields a few minutes an' didn't say a word.

"Bim-by he says to me, 'you go home now, an' I'll come over 'dreckly.' Well, the Captain soon cum, and James was rubbin' down old Clay gettin' ready.

"Captain Grant come up to James and old Clay, and spoke kind to James an' patted old Clay on the nose an' head; asked James how many years old Clay was, an' a lot of questions that sorter interested James, and James got to talkin' right clever to Captain Grant. Then Captain Grant wanted to know if James would trade off old Clay for one of his young horses; and purty soon they walked out to an old log under the shade of a tree, an' I watched 'em through a crack in our cabin. They both went to whittlin' pretty soon, an' had their heads down, an' I knowed they was talkin' about somethin' serus. They whittled an' talked most of the forenoon, until a dinner-horn blew. Then Captain Grant went home. James, he soon come to old Clay, an' sorter stroked him, an' patted his nose with his hand, an' seemed sorter mixed in his feelin's. Then he untied Clay, led him to the stable, took off the saddle an' turned him in the lot, an' let the cow out in the pasture. Then James strayed around to the yard an' sorter pattered about. When he come close enough I see he had been a-cryin', looked sad, an' reflectin' like. I had dinner in a few minutes, an' James didn't say a word. It sorter seemed as if he couldn't swoller good,—somethin' 'peared to be in his throat. I didn't know what to think. Then he went to work around the house, an' after a while when all the children were out a playin' he cum in an' set down close to me as he used to do when we was first married, an' he says to me, 'Nancy,' says he; then he had to stop a minute, as somethin' was in his throat again. Then he said, 'Nancy, I've been a talkin' with Captain Grant an' he's give me some new idees, an' set things out to me plain so I see 'em different now, an' I see how wrong I wus, an' how bad I've been a doin', an' I've swore clear off

Nancy, I have, an' I'm a going' to be a *man* from this very time, an' all my live-long days.' An' then he kissed me, an' I hugged an' kissed him, an'——. Now, James never drank nor was bad any more, and I always pray, 'God bless Captain Grant.'"

That this little incident was true in all its details is beyond question. The dead soldier had told me the story while in the army, but not with the fine dramatic touches that survived in the memory of the widow.

On several occasions, it is related how Grant, in that modest way that was ever his own inimitable way,—sometimes solicited, sometimes unsolicited,—interposed to compose and settle disputes and difficulties between neighbors, and it was seldom that Grant's arbitrament or suggestions were unheeded. In fact, an old neighbor, who was a close observer, thinks that Grant never did fail to make peace when his well-balanced and placid interposition was invoked, in his neighborhood.

Another poor man who lived in the Grant neighborhood while he was farming, related to the writer how his wife was taken ill of congestion one stormy night, about three o'clock in the morning. The sleet was falling. He ran to Grant's to get a horse to go for the doctor several miles distant. Grant got out of his bed and heard the man's story; but instead of giving him liberty to take a horse, and himself retiring again to his comfortable couch, as most men would have done, Grant sent the man back to his sick family, and himself rapidly dressed, saddled a horse, and rode through the mud and bitter storm, and brought the doctor. Nor did he content himself with sending the physician to the sick woman's relief; but he rode with him to the humble abode of the poor, to learn what other help he could bring in the hour of distress.

CHAPTER V.

GRANT, THE FARMER.

During these years Grant had kept up his habit of study, as far as that was possible, on the farm.

He had kept up his acquaintance and intercourse with army officers, who frequently rode out from Jefferson Barracks to see him and spend a few hours with him in pleasant social intercourse. Their wives frequently came out to visit Mrs. Grant; and she and the Captain in turn visited at the garrison.

There were also highly refined families in the neighborhood in those days, when cultured people esteemed country life more highly than they do now. Social relations were kept up with the O'Fallons* and many other of the first families of the city, as in the earlier days of army life.

The writer has a high regard for the sanctity of the hearthstone and the home, and has no sympathy with that prying and shameless curiosity which seeks to explore the privacies of home life; and he would stop at the cottage door, and not enter the inner sanctuary. Nevertheless, he is impelled to remark that all who had opportunity to know agree in saying that no man could be more kind, more patient, more helpful at home, or more attentive to all the amenities of domestic life,—more industrious in making his country home-life sweet and enjoyable, happy and elevating,—than was Ulysses S. Grant, during the four years of his life on the farm in St. Louis county, from 1854 to 1858.

His health being impaired by the continued siege of ague which had fastened itself upon him, he ceased farming in the autumn of 1858, and began business in St. Louis, and early in 1859 he removed his family into the city.

What effect Grant's humble farm-life has had upon his reputation in America, is an interesting subject of contemplation and study.

Americans claim to be democratic in their instincts and tastes; to value more highly than the people of other nations the self-made man,—the man who without wealth or family influence, or the adventitious circumstances and conditions of early life, has himself striven and by his own inherent powers and force of character

* Pictured in *THE MIDLAND* of December, 1896.

achieved success. But it is not to be denied by the observant student of our recent and present state of society, that there is too much weight in the argument of some thoughtful people that no other highly civilized people in the world are more influenced by title and ostentatious show. The superficial, dazzled and influenced by appearances, seldom give to the self-made man due meed of praise for having, by his own qualities and forces, overcome obstacles to progress. Grant was primarily and essentially a soldier. In this he was at home; in this all his ripe and magnificent powers of action had full play. How strange the combination! By instinct, he was a man of *peace*; yet no man could be more efficient or terrible in war. The man whom nature has planned for a great warrior is seldom found efficient in affairs. Can we conjecture the kind of success Napoleon would have had on a small farm without capital, laboring with his own hands to support a family! Wellington was invincible in war, but he was a failure as a statesman. The swift race-horse can not do the work of the dray-horse.

CHAPTER VI.

GRANT, THE ST. LOUIS COUNTY FARMER
AND THE ST. LOUIS BUSINESS MAN—
ST. LOUIS THE STORM CENTER
OF DISCUSSION.

During the year and a half which Grant spent in St. Louis, from the fall of 1858 to the spring of 1860, he was engaged in the real estate brokerage business as a partner of Captain Harry Boggs, a cousin of Mrs. Grant. This was without question the most uneventful period of Grant's life. It was after the panic and depression of 1857, and therefore a most inauspicious time to engage in real estate operations. It was a period of partial stagnation in that as in all other business. Added to this, his conscientiousness, and the open frankness of his nature, influenced by his military education and training, rather unfitted him for those brilliant exploits of the imagination traditionally essential to success as a real estate agent.

He was conservative and methodical. He did not belong to the class of men who see "millions in it," where sober honesty can count the dollars but few. Nevertheless, persistent industry, careful and systematic attention to the business in hand, brought him that reward which was the ideal of the philosopher of old,—freedom from want and a like freedom from the cares and responsibilities of great fortune.

During his quiet, unostentatious business career in St. Louis he took no active part in public life. He did not seek to advertise himself. He had many devoted personal friends who prized him for his inherent good qualities, for his sturdy honesty, and for his frank loyalty, for his social qualities, which were fully revealed only to friends whom he loved and trusted. To these he would unbend and open his heart. To these he would reveal himself as a remarkable conversationalist, whose mind was richly stored with a very wide range of knowledge on nearly every subject of human interest. He had always been a great reader. He had seen much and observed more; and his memory retained all that he had read or heard. None but those who were admitted to his personal friendship and inner life had any adequate conception of the real breadth of mind and the vast fund of useful knowledge concealed under the quiet exterior of Captain Grant as he mingled with the busy life about him in St. Louis in 1858-1860. If we remember this, we shall wonder less that he was so greatly under-estimated when he entered upon his new military activities in 1861.

The period of Grant's sojourn in St. Louis county on his farm, and in the city of St. Louis in business,—1854 to 1860,—was an era of intensest political activity and bitterest antagonisms; and St. Louis, situated between the free states on the east and north and the fierce Kansas struggle on the west, was in the very storm-center of excitement. Grant said little, but was keenly alive to every move, knew every feature of it, and his honest, conservative nature revolted at the extravagances of the contending factions.

He had barely arrived at home after retiring from the old army in 1854, when the scheme to repeal the Missouri Compromise was thrust upon Congress and startled the country.* Senator Douglas introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill, the object of which was to apply to these new territories (which lay north of the Missouri Compromise line of 1820) the principle of "squatter" or "popular sovereignty," whereby it should be left to the citizens of the territories to determine whether they would or would not admit slavery into the new commonwealths. This new device was plausible on the surface. "Why not allow the citizens of a territory to decide for themselves whether they would or would not have slavery?" it was asked.

But, as this scheme opened to the introduction of slavery all territories not then admitted into the Union as states should the few who might first occupy the new soil so determine, the North, opposed to slavery as morally and politically wrong, became alarmed. Hitherto the anti-slavery crusade had been mainly the work of the divines, the philanthropists, and the philosophers. Practical and conservative people generally, while agreeing on principle as to the wrong of slavery, did not desire to disturb the institution where it was established in the Southern states. But, now that slavery had become aggressive and sought to extend itself into the new and free territory of the North on an equality and in a race with freedom, the question and the battle were no longer to be left with the Garrisons, the Phillipses and the theorists on the anti-slavery side, but passed into the hands of practical thinkers, politicians and statesmen. Then began that titanic struggle between slavery and freedom which shook and startled the Nation from its security and repose, and ended in slavery's total extinction.

While Grant lived quietly on his farm

*When Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave state, in 1820, it was agreed in Congress, as a "compromise" between the free and the slave states, that thereafter slavery should be excluded from all territory north of latitude 36 degrees and 30 minutes.

from 1854 to 1858, no man was better informed than he on every phase of the controversy.

No sooner had the compromise been repealed, and the free territory opened to the extension of slavery, if it could plant itself there, than began the race between those who favored freedom and those who favored slavery, for the possession of Kansas.

Through an ordeal of fire, rapine, battle and blood, Kansas finally emerged into the family of States, with its soil consecrated to freedom.

Meantime, the seat of the fiercest struggles, the most intense strifes, and the bitterest passions, was in the border states,—Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Kansas.

In Illinois, from the passage of Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, the greatest intellectual battle of the age was fought without quarter and without truce, between the two great masters of political debate in America, Lincoln and Douglas. The one had no equal as a debater in the democratic party; and the other, in his incisive and convincing logic, his lofty and persuasive eloquence, and his magnificent intellectual grasp, was the equal, if not the superior, of any other public man America had produced. When these two, and the army of bright and able men who followed them and battled with them, became engaged in this gigantic conflict of ideas, their State was stirred as never before. The world, however reluctant, was forced to stop and listen.

The struggle in Illinois made itself felt in every hamlet in Missouri, and the "Free Soil" propaganda was soon in full progress under high pressure, with St. Louis as its center. B. Gratz Brown (afterwards both Governor and United States Senator), then a young man of high learning, with a pen sharp and persuasive, was editing *The St. Louis Democrat*, the ablest free-soil newspaper in the border states. Around his axiom that "wherever the white man can live and dominate, there the white man can live and labor," he built up unanswerable and convincing argu-

ments against the continuance of slavery in Missouri.

On the hustings, the able debater, the fiery, courageous and eloquent Frank P. Blair, Jr., met the demand for the extension of slavery with the still stronger demand for freedom and freedom's domain. He denounced "the crime of Kansas." A people, he declared, who would submit to these new and enlarged demands of slavery were themselves not fit to be free. Missouri, he insisted, should itself become a free state, not so much because slavery was wrong in morals as because it was a physical curse, blighting the progress of the state.

Many other co-workers aided this pair of belligerent young men,—both of Southern birth. The effect was like throwing a burning brand into a powder-house!

Thenceforth St. Louis and Missouri became a scene of political strife and antagonisms, the intensity and intolerance of which no words can adequately portray.

The struggle was intense, unrelenting; and in its daily progress was demonstrated the truth of Seward's aphorism, that there existed an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, and that the conflict must continue until the United States would become all free or all slave. The contention was rapidly calling into play political and moral forces which were destined soon to change the history of the world.

It was not the majestic eloquence of Webster that gave him the victory over the forceful and persuasive Hayne so much as it was the grand and lofty patriotic sentiments he uttered.

And now came the new awakening. Again, in like manner, the pathos and force of Lincoln's appeals to the consciences and hearts of men in behalf of human liberty and human rights, carried with them an uplifting inspiration which no baser appeals could resist.

It was in the very center of this slavery and anti-slavery conflict that Grant spent

six years of his life, keeping himself quite free from its embroilments, yet in contact with it every day, looking at it, listening to its war of words; studying it, comprehending its awful import, and reaching the wise conclusion that all portents pointed to an early verification of the classic adage that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

He was distressed at the unnatural strife, which fast grew in intensity as 1860 approached. He talked only to intimate friends on the painful subject. He loved his country, loved the government that had educated him, and which he had served through one war, and during eleven years of his life in the army, and he could not and would not believe that an actual resort to arms would follow. Some way would be found to adjust the difficulty; perchance another compromise would be reached. How, he could not foresee, but it would come; it *must* come. It was impossible that this government could fail. If God was with our forefathers in founding it, he would be with their descendants in preserving it. We must wait, and hope, and trust. Thus he reasoned.

He said he knew that the one thing which makes Americans prouder of their country than all else, was not its wealth, its magnificent resources, its robust physical strength and organic greatness, but its ability to meet every crisis occurring in its national life and progress with such courage and wisdom as to emerge from each new trial upon a higher plane; and in such wise as to meet the general approbation of mankind,—each advance resting securely upon liberty, safeguarded by the best forms of constitutional law.

It was in this frame of mind, having observed and listened all these years of political strife to this maddening bedlam of contention, that Captain Ulysses S. Grant took his departure from St. Louis in the early spring of 1860, for the more restful atmosphere of the quiet little city of Galena.

(To be Continued.)

[The October instalment of "Grant's Life in the West" will consider and, we believe, forever settle, the old question as to Grant's "drinking habits." It will also relate Grant's first experiences in Galena.—Ed.]

CHIEF BLACK HAWK.

NEPHEW OF THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE SACS AND FOXES—FRIENDSHIP OF BLACK HAWK AND COLONEL BROCKWAY—A TRUE STORY REVIVING THE TRADITION OF THE NOBLE RED MAN.

BY ALBINA MARILLA LETTS.

I.

THE Indian is a denizen of the forest or other solitary places of the earth. Desirous of living his life according to his own wild nature, it is only now and then that his environments are favorable to a study of his character, life and habits. Therefore our knowledge of the Indian race must be gathered chiefly from occasional glimpses of individuals and tribes,—like photographic views taken when force of circumstances, or time of need, or extremity, brings them from their seclusion and throws a strong light on their peculiar characteristics.

Of such a nature will be the following sketch. Not an attempt to analyze the Indian's impulses and motives, his vices and virtues, but a simple delineation of a few scenes in the life of Black Hawk, chief of the Winnebago tribe in Wisconsin, the oldest living descendant, and almost the only representative of the illustrious Chief Black Hawk, leader of the Indian tribes in the Black Hawk war of 1832.

Chief Black Hawk was born on Lake Winnebago, where the city of Oshkosh now stands, in 1808. His father was a brother of the old Chief Black Hawk, of the Black Hawk war of 1832. Some have contended that he cannot be a nephew of the famous old chief, as he is a Winnebago, while the illustrious Black Hawk was a Sac. This conclusion is not based on facts, as the present Chief Black Hawk is also a Sac, as were his father and grandfather before him. He had joined himself to his father's people before the Black Hawk war, being then about twenty-four years of age. He acted as bearer of dispatches for his uncle, Chief Black Hawk, and doubtless was actively engaged in the conflict, although

he denies having any part therein. When the old chief was defeated at Bad Ax, and afterwards driven west of the Mississippi, the young Black Hawk drifted northward to the state of his nativity, and as his mother was a Winnebago, and both Sacs and Winnebagos belong to the Algonquin family, he naturally cast his lot with his brethren, and, as he sprang from a royal line, he soon became their chief and ruler.

He was of fine physique in his early manhood and the days of his prime, fully six feet in height, of commanding presence, and straight as an arrow; with heavy, straight black hair, dark eyes, strong white teeth and regular features, he looked every inch the chief, born to command and well-fitted to rule. His nearly ninety years have given a heaviness to his countenance that was not there in his mature manhood.

II.

REMOVAL OF THE WINNEBAGOS TO THE RESERVATION—AN ALL-NIGHT COUNCIL.

The Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin never feel at home elsewhere than in their native state. In 1851 the Government moved them to a reservation in Minnesota. Some were dissatisfied and soon returned, but Black Hawk and a number of Winnebago bands were still there at the time of the Sioux outbreak in 1862. These two tribes were always enemies, but the Winnebagos were friendly to the white settlers, and Black Hawk and his men rendered valuable service in warning them of danger and giving them information concerning the movements of the warlike Sioux. This embittered the Sioux, and many engagements took place between them. As soon as the

settlers were organized to resist the Indians, and were reinforced by troops, the Winnebago's lot was hard indeed. White men could not distinguish a Winnebago from a Sioux, and were so incensed by the outrages committed that they were ready to fire at every "red man" they met. They were not safe even on their reservation; so Black Hawk and his braves fled to the old Wisconsin camping ground.

Soon after they were removed to the Blackbird reservation in Nebraska, but shortly came straggling back again,—homesick for the forests and streams which in an early day abounded with game and fish and in many respects seemed especially fitted for the red man's home.

The winter of 1872-3 found a pioneer lumberman, one E. L. Brockway, in the Wisconsin legislature. A memorial was sent in from Sparta asking that the Winnebago Indians be moved to their reservation in Nebraska, and he was requested to present it. This he did, recommending that there be an amendment added, "to some place of their choice in Kansas or Nebraska," as he wished to make their going as easy as possible; although, having sold their lands, and agreed to the terms of the treaties each time they were moved to a reservation, they were really trespassers in Wisconsin at that time. They had sold the cranberry lands, but each year they returned to gather berries, to the annoyance of the white owners,—and from them and other aggrieved parties numerous petitions for their removal were sent in whenever the legislature was in session.

In January, 1874, the order was issued for their removal, and a Captain Hunt was appointed government commissioner to move them to their reservation. But the Indians fled like partridges, and could not be found. The commissioner procured an order for United States troops, and they were sent on from Fort Snelling and quartered at Sparta.

Their first successful attempt at removing the Indians was made by surrounding a tent at Portage and captur-

ing a dancing party. They were crowded into a car and taken to the reservation at once. There were mothers there who had left young children at home, and in most cases only parts of families were present; so there was wailing among the captives and in many a lonely wigwam, and indignation in the hearts of many white citizens; for this act was in direct violation of the spirit of the legislative measure, also contrary to the wishes of the people who presented the petition, and of the legislators who passed the bill for removal.

The ire of the Indians was roused, and they began to assemble on the East Fork of Black River, where they pitched a large council-tent, set up their wigwams, and began preparations to resist the troops.

Brockway considered the capture of the Indians an outrage, and did not hesitate to express his mind on the subject. The commissioner knew his views, and understood his influence, and wrote him to come to Sparta at once and consult with him over the trouble. This he refused to do, telling him that he would oppose any forcible moving of the Black River bands. Captain Hunt then sent the sheriff with a conveyance and a letter urging him to come at once, but he again refused. He did, however, agree to drive down with his own team the next day.

The commissioner requested him to take a hundred soldiers and go out to the East Fork—he to act as a sort of scout, or arbitrator, and, backed up by the presence of armed troops, bring them to terms as to removal. But the commissioner found that he had sent for the wrong man. This pioneer who had seen some of these children of the forest grow from babes to manhood could not now turn traitor and outrage their feelings and their confidence.

He refused to assist in any way in the removal if force was to be used, and added: "If you intend to send troops to East Fork, you had better send all you have; a hundred soldiers will not last the Black River bands more than ten

minutes." He furthermore declared that if they persisted in using compulsion he would see the Indians and inform them of the movements of the troops six hours before they could reach the Indian camp; but said that he believed if the Indians were treated properly they would go without force. He insisted that Black Hawk and other chief men of the tribe should be reasoned with, and shown by proper arguments that it would be best for them to go peacefully.

The commanding officer haughtily said, "I think we have the only argument an Indian can understand, and that is powder and balls."

"Why do you talk of powder and bullets?" queried the Indians' advocate. "You know you dare not fire a gun on those Indians."

"Dare not! Dare not fire on those Indians?" retorted the officer angrily. "You certainly do not know *me*."

"I know the Indians are wards of the Government, and I am sure, Colonel, that you are too well-disciplined to act without orders from your superiors; so, I repeat, you dare not fire on the Indians."

The officer walked away, for it began to dawn upon him not only that this man understood the Indians, but also that there was a limit even to military power.

Captain Hunt then engaged Brockway to assist in the removal of the Indians if possible, on condition that he be allowed to do it in his own way, and that soldiers should not be sent to the Black River valley.

The following day he began the task he had undertaken by driving to the Indian camp on East Fork, taking with him his oldest son, also an Indian interpreter, George Good-village. He drove a pony team and sleigh, with Norwegian sleigh-bells that could be heard more than a mile in that clear, frosty air.

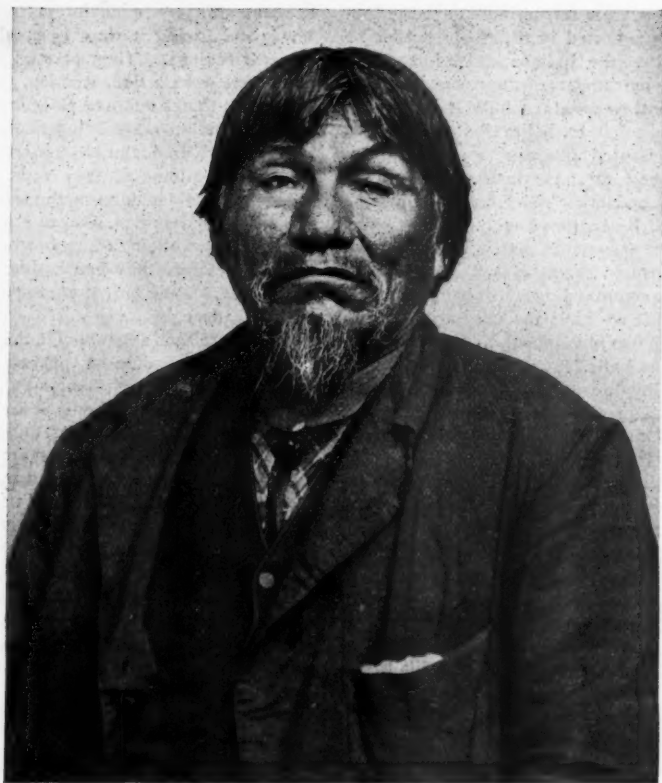
Indian scouts met him some distance from the camp with surprised exclamations, but inquired eagerly where the soldiers were. He spoke to them kindly and reassuringly and drove on to the camp. Here he found a scene of wild

excitement; a large council-tent had been set up and around it were camped four hundred Indians. They were all in war paint and wore a defiant mien. There were more than a hundred rifles in camp, and new bullets were being made at a rapid rate. Two Indian traders were there already doing all they could do to induce the Indians to resist the troops or the order for removal, also to stir their anger against their "white brother," in whom heretofore they had had so much confidence, calling him Mon-om-pa (captain or leader).

They were soon assembled in the council-tent. The would-be peace-maker, Chief Black Hawk, Ne-shon-a-ka (Little Creek), Win-o-shiek (Long Wing) and numbers of other band chiefs, and prominent braves of the tribe. An air of repressed, but intense excitement brooded over the assembly. The council was long and stormy; many eloquent speeches were made by the chiefs present, recounting what they considered their wrongs and provocations, all of which were met by their "white brother" by explanations, or sympathy, as was most expedient, he trying to explain that the government wanted to make citizens of them, to educate their children, and give them lands where they could open farms and build houses, and have cattle and ponies like his "white brother," or if they preferred, teach them trades, make them carpenters, or blacksmiths, or masons, that they might earn *sherd* (money) and be able to buy everything they wanted; but they only listened with dark angry faces seemingly unmoved.

Night came on and the scene grew wild and weird indeed. The council-tent with its earnest occupants, the blazing camp-fires, the excited throngs of Indians, the young warriors in war paint, keeping up the war dances around the blazing faggots, the constant jabber of angry voices, and now and then the dismal hooting of an owl as it went flapping from tree to tree, disturbed by the midnight carousal, while the sharp report of a rifle, or a shrill unearthly war-whoop, as it

CHIEF BLACK HAWK.



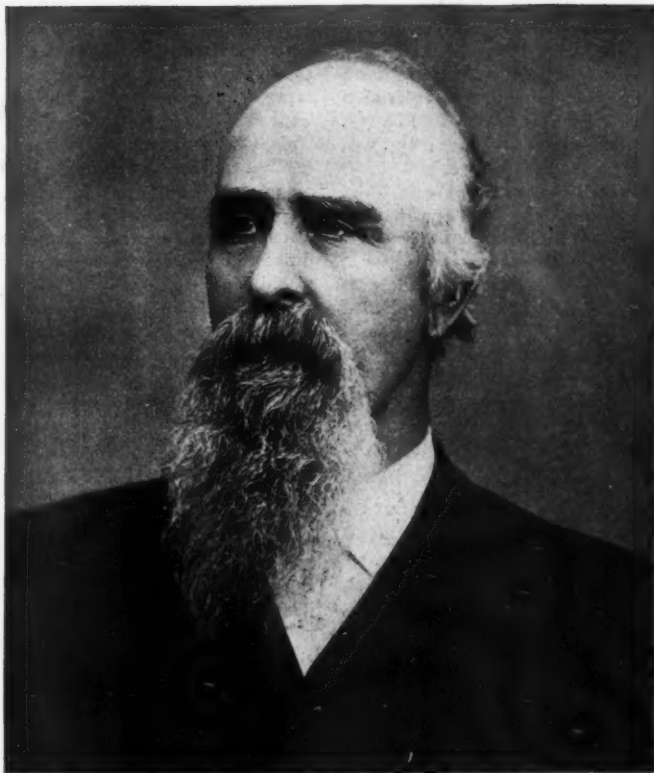
CHIEF BLACK HAWK.

came ringing through the pine forests, told how eager were these wild men for the fray.

The night was bitterly cold; the thermometer indicated nearly 40° below zero; a foot of snow was on the ground. Near the council or feast tent, hung twenty-eight dressed deer ready for cooks eager to prepare the war feast; but still the council dragged. At last, after listening long in silence, Black Hawk arose and spoke. He described the power of the Government, extolled the wisdom and kindness of the Great Father at Washington, the miseries of war, and recounted all his white broth-

er's arguments for peace in most impressive language. After he had resumed his seat a deep silence reigned for some moments, then Ne-shon-a-ka and Win-o-shiek and other chiefs in turn spoke in the same strain, growing eloquent while pleading for peace, their shrill, loud exhortations to the younger men adding one more uncanny feature to the weird picture.

Suddenly a decision was reached, and, just as the gray light of morning began to steal through the camp, and the eastern horizon to flush with the coming of day, the council broke up. A delegation of band chiefs and braves broke



HON. E. L. BROCKWAY, OF WISCONSIN.

up the war dance, ordered the traders out of the camp, and gave directions for preparations for packing up and making ready for removal, their "white brother" having promised to bring teams and personally assist in the moving, and to accompany them to the reservation.

These preliminaries settled, they were called to Black Hawk's tent, where the chief men of the council partook of a breakfast consisting of venison steak, boiled potatoes, hot biscuits and maple syrup; and no one did more ample justice to the savory viands than Men-ompa, the peace-maker, or arbitrator. The white man returned to town, and the

same night was in camp with twelve teams, which were loaded and sent to the Falls with one hundred Indians the first day. They were quartered in the mill boarding-house, and the teams were kept moving till all were removed, not only from the camp on East Fork, but from the outlying camps, where old people and children had been left.

Cars and supplies were telegraphed for, and Captain Hunt came on to take charge. Inside of five days the Black River bands were ready for removal; but it was a hard wrench to their hearts to leave the land of their birth and the graves of their ancestors. As the loaded

teams drove out of camp they sang a farewell dirge, and one lone drum beat time, while every bronze face looked stony in its stern sadness.

Mr. Brockway went to the reservation with the Indians as he had promised. They went unwillingly, and many left their traps behind in his care.

They nearly all returned, and Chief Black Hawk did not remain a year. Soon after his return his "white brother" built a mill on Levis Creek, five miles east of Black River Falls, and for a time left his home in the town. Black Hawk pitched his tent on land adjoining the mill property, and here we find him in 1882. The mill burned in 1885, and Mr. Brockway moved to town again. Black Hawk left also, and never returned to his homestead again.

III.

DEATH OF PACH-TI-HE-KI—THE STEALING AND RESTORATION OF HIS BODY.

The spring of 1882 found Black Hawk's home a house of mourning. His son, Pach-ti-he-ki (when the wind blows), was sick. His mother had gathered herbs on the hills and made medicinal teas, and many a bitter cup had the poor boy drained. The medicine-men had used all their arts and charms in vain. They had sweated him after their own primitive fashion, which was done by making a hole in the earth inside the wigwam, then, heating stones in a fire outside the tent; they then placed the stones in the hole and poured water over them, thus generating steam over which they placed the patient, well wrapped in blankets, until profuse perspiration was produced. But he gradually faded away, and his white neighbors knew he had consumption and his days were numbered.

The "white brother" now had a large family of sons and daughters, and these young people pitied the patient sufferer, and strove to smooth his passage to the spirit world with little attentions and kindly calls. They carried dainties from their father's table to tempt his fickle

appetite. Their now matronly mother spared no pains to cater to his fancies. In all these years since she came to this wild country a bride, she had been the tender, sympathetic friend of the Indians; none were ever turned from her door hungry. The little ones especially shared her bounty, and her sweet, white bread was so prized by all that they called her "Wash-cobra He-nu-gra" (the bread woman); and often as she walked or drove through their camp the little ones would cry to each other, "Cora! con-an-a! pene Wash-cobra He-nu-gra! (Come here! come quickly! the good bread-woman!) True to her name and nature, she now ministered to poor Pach-ti's needs.

One night a sound of loud lamentation told the sad tale. Pach-ti-he-ki had started on his long journey to the happy hunting grounds. Their white neighbors, with ready sympathy, hastened to their door with offers of assistance, but all aid was gently refused except material for a rude coffin, which was supplied, and then they left the sorrowing family with their dead. In the morning several Indians issued from the camp bearing the box that contained Pach-ti-he-ki's remains, which they carried to an old Indian burying ground, beneath the forest trees; there they made a shallow grave, placed the box therein, covering it so as to leave as few traces as possible, and then went swiftly away.

Then the bereaved family came forth, walking in Indian file, Chief Black Hawk at the head, and with eyes cast down and loud lamentations they followed the trail through the green forest. When they came to the grave they stepped over it, not seeming to see it, and then "the trail is lost," and they called "Pach-ti-he-ki, Cora!" and again, "Pach-ti-he-ki, Pach-ti-he-ki, Cora!" (Come here!) They wandered around for hours. The father and mother seemed to lead in the wailing exercises, while the other members of the family joined in the mournful sounds from time to time, each one

"Uttering such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,"

while the winds sighed through the pine trees, and the distant hills gave back faint echoes of lamentations, and the "white brother" and his family at the door of their own home wept in silent sympathy.

The next morning at sunrise the search for the lost trail is renewed. The same sad procession issues forth again, with the same pathetic cry of "Pach-ti-he-ki, Coral" till they reach the grave which they now discover, and Pach-ti-he-ki's "lost trail" and last resting place is found. They build a little house over it leaving a hole at one end, in which they place a cup of water, an apple, a piece of the Wash-cobra He-nu-gra's cake, and other dainties of which Pach-ti was fond, and then they go away till the next morning, when at sunrise the scene is reenacted, except the calling is changed to supplications to the Great Spirit to care for Pach-ti-he-ki on the journey to the spirit land and happy hunting grounds to which he is gone.

Each morning for five days the rising of the sun was greeted with the same sad ceremony, accompanied by the loud lamentations and prayers around the forest grave.

The "white brother" was forced by his duties as surveyor to leave home before the five days' mourning had expired, and on his return was surprised to see the place thronged with Indians. Some were on the ice, some were on the log road, some were coming out from under the mill, and others, with wooden paddles were poking over the ashes where slabs had been burned. When he reached the house he found his wife anxious and excited and from her lips learned that Pach-ti-he-ki's body had been stolen from the grave, and the Indians suspected that some of the millhands knew of its whereabouts. "And I have told them," said the kindly "bread-giver," "that you will find Pach-ti-he-ki for them, but Chief Black Hawk only shakes his head and looks so stern and sorrowful! Oh! my husband, they are in great trouble."

A shadow darkened the door, and Black Hawk stalked in, his dark face stern and gloomy. He answered every question, and when requested led the way to Pach-ti-he-ki's grave; but rain and melting snows had washed away almost every trace of desecrating hands. After a long and careful examination he bade Black Hawk go to his home and rest, assuring him that he would find his boy; and then his weary search began.

He drove to town and all day made every possible investigation, following up every clue. At last he learned that a medical student had borrowed a set of dissecting tools the day before—and knew then that the "lost trail" was found.

Without waiting for a search-warrant—for it was late at night—he found the sheriff and sent him to the office to demand the body of Pach-ti-he-ki, instructing him to say that he knew all about the affair, and would have him arrested if he refused. The frightened student, who had not realized before that an Indian was a citizen, and even his dead body protected by the law, agreed to the terms, and said at once as Brockway entered, "I know what you want; I have been watching you all day." He led the way to the garret, removed some boards from the ceiling, and there, next to the rafters, was the body of Pach-ti-he-ki.

"Put this body in a coffin and return it to the burying-ground on Levis Creek early in the morning," the tired searcher exclaimed sternly.

"I dare not," replied the trembling student.

"Then hire someone to do it for you, and make sure everything is done decently and in order. I will select and order the coffin myself. If you do as I tell you I will press the matter no farther; if not, the law must take its course." And he went away to finish his task and return to his home for a much-needed rest.

The next morning everything was done as agreed, and Pach-ti-he-ki was again laid in his forest grave. Black Hawk had no words to express his gratitude at this

new manifestation of his "white brother's" wisdom and power, and from that day showed his love and gratitude in various ways. The graves of the Indians' dead are very dear to them, and the heart of the white man could not thrill with greater horror at having the tomb of a dear one desecrated.

IV.

A STORMY COUNCIL—BROCKWAY'S NERVE PUT TO SEVERE TEST.

In an early day the Winnebagos sold all their lands in western Wisconsin to the government for a large amount of money, goods and supplies, with the provision that the government should deposit in the treasury another large sum (several millions) upon which the Indians should receive interest, at five per cent annually. This interest creating a fund from which their annuities, amounting to over \$18 each—should be paid.

It will be remembered that the Winnebagos were moved to Nebraska the second time in 1874, Black Hawk going with his tribe; but he, and his family, and others returned the following July or August, and soon after, probably in 1875, they all returned. About this time Congress passed an act allowing any State whose legislators chose to adopt the measure, to give their Indians the "homestead right", under certain restrictions, their lands to be exempt from taxation for twenty years. Wisconsin passed the bill and Black Hawk followed his friend to Levis Creek, and the "white brother" surveyed his land, built him a house, and began the process of making a citizen of him.

Soon after this the Indians petitioned the Department of the Interior to settle their whole account and pay them all their money down, and the department took the matter into consideration; but it was a weighty subject, for if conceded it would give each family of ten members about \$8,000, a large amount of money to be entrusted to persons unaccustomed to responsibility, and having very crude ideas indeed of comparative values.

In 1883 Brockway was engaged by the special Indian agent, to assist in enrolling the Indians, surveying their lands, and locating them on homesteads, preparatory to the annual payment of annuities. As the Indians' petition was then under consideration, men who were well informed or prominent in Indian affairs in different localities were asked their opinion as to the advisability of acceding to their wishes, their "white brother" amongst others. Hon. Hiram Price, of Iowa, was then at the head of the Department of the Interior.

He answered at once that he did not consider the Indians sufficiently civilized, as yet, to be entrusted with so large a sum of money; that they should be held as wards of the government until more enlightened, and till the experiment of putting them upon homesteads was fully tested. He felt sure many of them would squander their money speedily and become paupers.

Not long after he was summoned to meet the Indians in council with the local agent at Black River Falls. As he walked down the long hall, to the front, where they had placed a chair for him, their stern, dark faces frowned upon him, and these men of the forest who had been his friends for years looked at him angrily and muttered, "Men-om-pa wawonk wangra" (Captain bad man).

He was called on to defend himself by an angry Indian flourishing a letter in his face and demanding to know if he made that "wagora paper," which he recognized as his letter to the department.

He admitted that he wrote the letter; he told them that the Great Father at Washington had asked what would be best for the Indians, and he had written that letter in reply, saying that he thought it best that they only receive their annuities at present.

They interrupted him angrily by saying they wanted their money to "buy horses and wagons, and build houses on their land."

"But you will not do it," he answered sternly; "you may think you will, but

you will not. You will waste it in drinking whisky, in gambling, in racing ponies. Look at the Blue Earth Reservation Indians; they were paid in full, but they squandered their money in six weeks. You have a good Chief; he never drinks whisky or gambles; but some of you are very wa-wonk (bad) Indians, and will not be governed by him. You are not wise enough yet to be trusted with your money."— And in an hour's talk he showed them their duties as citizens under such a good Government, and told them that as soon as they had proved themselves good men, and good farmers, doubtless the Government would grant their petition.

Black Hawk looked like a bronze statue during this stormy scene. After both sides had fully expressed themselves, he rose, cool and dignified in manner, looked over his excited, angry people, and said:

"Our 'white brother' speaks well. He is your friend,—Indian's friend. He knows the red man better than he knows himself. I signed your petition, but I now know it was not well. He has told you about the Blue Earth Indians, how they drank and gambled, and now money all gone,—poor Indians!"

Then he became an orator and repeated that the "white brother" was "Indian's friend," and a man to be trusted. He said, "I have known this man many years, known him when smooth-faced boy,—good boy,—known him when a man,—good true man." Then he described a certain flood and mill-wreck, and the rescue of one Patterson, how he had risked his life to save his friend. Then with great emotion he told how "twelve moons before" his poor boy Pach-ti-he-ki had sickened, how good the "white brother" and his family were, making much of the little neighborly kindnesses, which were only a pleasure to extend; then how poor Pach-ti-he-ki had died, and how they had grieved, and how one morning they had gone to the grave at sunrise and found that the body had been stolen by wa-wonk wangra (bad man); how they had searched and wept;

how the Wash-cobra He-nu-gra (bread woman) had told them that Men-om-pa, their "white brother," would find Pach-ti-he-ki and bring him back; but they had doubted and mourned and could not sleep while the grave was empty; how their "brother" had come, and listened and looked at the grave, and bade them go to their home and rest; how he had gone away and never slept or rested till he had found poor Pach-ti, and brought him back in a nice coffin; how he bade him and his people open it, and see with their own eyes that it was indeed Pach-ti-he-ki. And thus he went on extolling this simple deed of humanity, and closing with the declaration that Men-om-pa was the Indian's friend always, and that Black Hawk would always be his friend.

He sat down amid a silence that could be felt. The angry faces were calm now. The council broke up in peace, and the white man went away wondering at this chief's power over his people, at his keen sense of gratitude and his ability to judge wisely in matters that concerned the welfare of his tribe.

The Indians' petition was not granted. Very few of them have proved themselves good farmers, and the wise ones are glad they still have an annuity between them and want.

V.

CONCLUSION.

In an early day Black Hawk was a typical Indian prince. The Winnebago tribe was large and powerful. Many of his band chiefs were great braves. He was fond of the chase and not loth to take the war-path when the Chippewas displeased him. He held fast to the traditions and usages of his forefathers. For a time he drank the "pale-faces' fire-water," but more than thirty years ago he gave it up, and has been a strong temperance man ever since, trying to prevent drunkenness among his people. He has ever since been a man of peace and a friend of the whites.

Black Hawk had four sons and three daughters; two sons died with consump-

tion, one was killed in the West. His only remaining son and heir to the chieftainship was killed in June, 1805, by Jim Swallow, a young relative of old Green Cloud, who claims to belong to the royal line also, and with whom Black Hawk has had many a bitter quarrel, as he considers Green Cloud a fraud and a usurper. Both young Indians had probably been drinking. George Black Hawk received five wounds. He was carried to

his home and his mother flew to the woods for herbs, and the "medicine men" came; all was in vain. Chief Black Hawk told them that the Great Spirit had shown him in a vision that George would die. Black Hawk has had many sorrows and afflictions, but this last was the bitterest of them all. And now there is no heir to the chieftainship, and Black Hawk has lived to see his people reduced to a handful, the chieftainship dying with him.



NIGHT ON THE SHORE.

DARK is the sea and dark the sky;
 The hurrying clouds drive swiftly by,
 And the waves are wild to-night!
 They laugh at the bird that cries on the crag,
 The seaweed from off the rocks they drag;
 There is never a one that cares to lag,
 And they shout in glee at their might.

Hither and thither they ever roam,
 Lashing themselves to glistening foam,
 Over the black night sea.
 They long to leap their rocky bound,
 To seek the height where freedom is found,
 To run with joy o'er the sandy mound,
 And over the world to flee.

Then up and up the granite wall
 They hurl themselves, but back they fall,
 Down through the dizzying air.
 Up, with a shriek of rage and pain,
 They dash from the crest of the foaming main,
 Climbing so madly! But back again
 They fall with a roar of despair.

The soul of man would sometimes leap
 The environments that round it sweep,
 But its bonds are set; like the mighty deep,
 It must not seek to *know*.
 As in th' morning the waves will lap the shore,
 The soul must be content as before,
 Till the great unknown is the evermore
 Which God himself shall show.

Bessie A. Burrows.

ART IN ITS RELATION TO LIFE.*

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

THE art of a nation marks its progress and fixes its status. The golden age of Greece was illustrious, not alone because of its statesmanship, its oratory, and its literature; its chief glory was its marble-crowned Acropolis, ever before the eyes of the people, a perpetual vision of splendor and of beauty, bathed in violet light and rich in its wealth of "chiseled immortality." The Renaissance was the springtime of human progress, not alone because Columbus pierced the sea of darkness, and Galileo solved the problem of the stars; the awakening to life and light after centuries of sleep and night, was typified in Raphael's conceptions, which seem like morning visions of Paradise seen through dispersing mists and clouds. Its upspringing impulse was exemplified by the majestic conceptions of Michael Angelo, which seemed to uplift humanity and make it glorious and beautiful. Thus was life made manifest in art, and art made manifest in life; not a thing separate, apart, distinct, but an emanation from, an expression of that life. When the churches of Florence were decorated with beautiful conceptions of the Madonna and Child the life of that laurel-crowned city was not centered about the market-place, but about those creations of beauty and love. It is said that when Cimabue's Madonna for the church of Santa Maria Novella was finished, the event was made an occasion for rejoicing throughout the city. For days the people gathered about his door awaiting its completion, and when the master's work was done it was carried in solemn procession, garlanded with flowers, with sound of trumpet and songs of joy from his home to the church, attended by the enthusiasm of the whole city. To this day the quarter of the city where Cimabue lived is

known as the Bargo Allegri, the place of joy.

"Painting rose from that time a rainbow on the Seven Hills, and on the cypressed heights of Fiesole, guarding them and lighting them forever."

Thus was life elevated and ennobled, chastened and refined by the ministry of art. And thus was art stimulated and strengthened by a life which surrounded it with an atmosphere of appreciation and joy in its manifestation. The humblest child born in Athens or in Florence in the days of their glory, the poorest laborer who lifted tired eyes from arduous toil, the very beggar on the streets, saw daily the expression of the purest and noblest thought of his countrymen. He saw "column, and tower, and statue, standing against the sky, the pure, serene, tender, infinite mirror of the divine intelligence and love. He saw them unpolluted by the smoke, and undistracted by the din of commercial life. Poor or rich, the best a nation wrought was his." These men lived in a ruder age than ours, an age of infinitely less culture and refinement in many ways. But art ennobled them. It was ingrained upon the warp and woof of their national life. In these instances we see exemplified the worth of art to mould and form the minds of men. Ruskin tells us that the best in art is that in which "the head, the hand, and the heart of man go together"; and that "all the great arts have for their object either the support or exaltation of human life." This truth being recognized, the object and province of art, its place and power in the development of that which is best in human life, may be understood.

First, it must give pleasure. Many hold this to be the only end of art. "Art," says Winckelmann, "is the daughter of pleasure," and Agnes Repplier, speaking of pleasure as an end of art, beautifully says: "And as Demeter sought for Per-

*Read before the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs in Dubuque, in May, 1897.

sephone with restless fever and desire, so pleasure seeks for art, languishing in sunless gloom, and having found her expresses through her the joy and beauty of existence, and lives again herself in the beauty of her fair child, while the whole earth bubbles into laughter." "Enjoyment," says Schiller, "may be a subordinate object in life, it is the highest in art." Surely, to give genuine pleasure, even to one human being, sweetens life; and he to whom it has been granted to give pleasure to generations, to add materially to the happiness of humanity, should be happy indeed. "Science pales," says Mr. Dallas, "age after age is forgotten; and age after age has to be refreshed; but the secret thinking of humanity, embalmed in art, survives as nothing else in life survives."

It is also the province of art to educate, "to suggest ideas, to quicken the imagination, to touch the secret spring which moves the emotions." To stimulate is the first step of development. To elevate is the beginning of culture. To purify the thoughts of men, to place before them truths which never before appealed to them is the best of education. And so art comes as an inspiration to the aspiring, as an educator, an instructor, a universal helper of humanity.

"We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we've
passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted, better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that,
That we might help each other so, lending our
minds out."

It has been said that the final test of a work of art is that it should be "life enhancing," should "confirm our hold on life." Art, in this sense, is one of the tonic forces of civilization. As has been suggested, there is nothing which cannot be better done if a true desire to have it beautiful rather than ugly, true rather than false, animates the thought behind the hand.

Professor Swing well said: "Art is a withdrawal of a man from the valley, and a leading of him up into a holier height, where there is not simply beauty of form or sound, but where there is an elevation

of mind and spirit which no other power can bring."

The first dawning of intelligence in the child is an appreciation of beauty. If the child-mind be nurtured in beauty and harmony, it will blossom into noble life, full indeed of "sweetness and light." The environment of the home leaves ineffaceable records on the child-mind for good or evil. The pictures that are hung in the chambers of the mind are but reflections from the surrounding world. If they are elevating, pure and beautiful, they will enter as an alembic into the very substance of the soul, and make it strong and pure and noble. But if they are mean and sordid and degrading, so will they mark and mar and stain.

In our gigantic endeavor to conquer a continent in a century, and to transform a wilderness into a civilization, we have had too little time for the ideal and the beautiful. Utility has been our shibboleth. By that sign we have conquered. In this mastery of nature, in this devotion to the material, imagination has been deadened, and too little heed has been given to the true dignity and elevation of our national life. As Miss Starr, of Hull House, says: "The soul of man in the commercial and industrial struggle is in a state of siege. He is fighting for his life." Under such conditions we have cared too little for art. By many it has been regarded as a pleasant and becoming appendage and adornment of life, but of no real value, of no great worth, not a necessary part of life. Our people have not understood that, instead of this being true, "art is the only real test of the spiritual qualities of a race, and the standard by which, ultimately, its share in the progress of humanity must be measured." For art is the permanent expression of a nation's life. The best that a people has to express will be expressed in its art. Institutions change, society is modified, governments succeed one another; but art is a permanent acquisition, a perpetual blessing, an incorruptible heritage.

Forgetting this, are not our people too much inclined to neglect true ideals of

the picture and the artist to the pupils, and they to the family at home. This might be done even in the country schools, and thus the message and the lesson of beauty be carried to lonely hearts, saddened by toil and sorrowed by solitude. Might not even this humble attempt to popularize art accomplish some material good? Might not some dormant faculty, some unaroused aptitude, some sleeping appreciation be awakened? Might not even so modest a message given, in a spirit of love, carry joy and consolation to some saddened home or stricken heart? Our people are starving not so much for bread as for beauty; they are tired and discouraged not so much because of overwork or poverty, as from joyless work and unhappy homes; homes from which laughter has fled; homes in which the voice of song is not heard. What makes poverty in America bitter is its joylessness. What makes rural life in the West so hopeless and despairing is its isolation and loneliness unrelieved by beauty or the love of the beautiful. We cannot bring the society of the city to the lonely farm-house, but we ought to relieve its hopelessness and loneliness by the message of beauty, the joy-giving, love-begetting, hope-inspiring enchantment of art.

Let us now consider what may be termed the art of public improvement, that branch of artistic development which is especially adapted to American needs, the art in which we may hope to set an example to the world. "In its broadest aspect it embraces all the outward aspect of nature as modified by man; all that which meets the common eye, ministers to the common welfare, and influences the common mind"; and this includes the founding of art museums and the holding of free public art exhibitions. In this all the people may and ought to take an active interest. Our public works are for the many, not for the few. Andrew Carnegie in his "Triumphant Democracy," says:

The world long considered political rights and government the province of the few. So also has it considered art as beyond the multitude. In the political field the Republic has proclaimed a new gospel, the right of every citizen to an equal

share in the government. It is her mission to teach the nation that art should likewise be universal, not the luxury of the few, but the heritage of the whole people.

In no other way can this be more effectively done than by giving the people that which is best in art as constant object lessons of beauty. The Greeks regarded art as an educator, and therefore a necessity. Their masterpieces were displayed in every public building, where they were the common property of the poor as well as the rich, the uneducated as well as the educated.

The stimulus to the people of America in the direction of art education given by the Columbian Exposition is beyond computation. Not only in that which was distinctly art, but also in its broader, more general aspects; architecture and landscape gardening; the beauty of sea and shore, of grassy lawns, of beautiful flowers and trees and shrubs.

"When I saw the Peristyle, I cried," said an overworked woman from a Minnesota farm. "I dream of it at night, and it seems like heaven," said another. It was indeed a "dream city" to many a one who saw there in real embodied form that which they had dimly pictured when they dreamed of the city within the pearly gates not made with hands. Who that lingered there will not remember the long lines of motionless, half-bowed figures, sitting in silence drinking in that vision of beauty, with eyes that seemed to almost overflow in response to its profound appeal! In their memories it lingers yet to soothe, and calm, and heal. Their lives are not so hard, their tasks easier, their burdens lighter because of that memory.

It has been said that in Paris the influence of the Louvre is as distinctly educational as that of the Academy. The Kensington Museum in London has not only an educational value, but is a source of great pecuniary reward to the nation. When the Crystal Palace was opened Ruskin said it was impossible to estimate the influence of such an institution on the minds of the working classes. In Washington when recently the new Cor-

minds of the children ought to be considered, and these should be made such as will help them to understand that which is beautiful and true. A man educated in a school house in a little country town said that from a window in the dreary room where he studied he could see a little river which wound along the meadow; and that the sight of it and the thoughts it awakened had affected his whole life. Perhaps this was the one beautiful thing realized and remembered of all those years.

Much that is open to criticism can be quite easily improved. If a new building is to be erected, true ideas of architectural worth may be suggested. The busy men who usually have these things in charge will gladly listen to those whose educated taste can enlighten them. Large amounts are often expended in buildings and the burdens of taxation in paying for them cheerfully borne; but, unfortunately, too little attention has been given to creating a thing of beauty. The striking, the ornate, are too often dominating motives. The grounds and surroundings are often left bare that the romp at recess may not be interfered with. Interiors have been left dingy, dreary and monotonous.

Miss Starr once told a New York audience she wished there were no private schools, for if all were compelled to send their children to school houses illy constructed, and to school rooms dingy, dreary and tasteless, there would be greater interest taken in making them attractive. The work of the Chicago Public Schools Art Society is well known. It is their object to put before the children specimens of true art, in the schools as well as in the homes. Pictures and casts are selected that may be viewed to best advantage from a distance. These are lent for a time to the school rooms in turn, and the board induced to purchase, if possible. The walls are tinted a color that will delight the eye, and an effort is made to furnish the room pleasingly.

The Woman's Club of Denver made a collection of pictures by recognized artists, through solicitation from members and

others, which are placed in each of the public school rooms for three weeks, during which time they are used as object lessons by the teachers, who explain them in detail, when they are passed on to another room and thus make the entire round of the schools. Great interest is taken by the children, who ask many questions.

The Omaha Women's Club last year offered four prizes for the best collections made by the pupils of the schools in certain grades, of pictures of animals, portraits, architecture, and productions of the old masters; the pictures being collected by the children themselves, preference being given to wood-cuts. The collections were neatly mounted, and frames were furnished by the board of education. Great interest is said to have marked the experiment, and every variety of pictures were produced, from clippings from the *New York Ledger* to those brought by a dainty little miss who came in one morning followed by the family coachman with his arms full of choice steel engravings.

The ideal in form and color is acquired in earlier years. This ideal pervades the mind, influencing appreciation and governing choice through life. Art accomplishes by indirection. Beauty refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The good is always beautiful, and the really beautiful always good. That which is not good is not really beautiful, and that which is not beautiful is not really good.

Perhaps from these instances suggestions of practical work may be obtained and applied. Collections of pictures may be easily and cheaply made by mounting on cardboard the most interesting and beautiful of the reproductions of great paintings published in some of the current magazines. These may be placed in the hands of the teachers who would use them for a time, the pictures being distributed by them and allowed to remain in the homes of the pupils for a specified time. By exchange a constant succession of pictures would be placed in the homes of the people. The teacher could tell of

beauty in their home-making? In outward appearance our homes are often unattractive; and out of harmony with surroundings; while, in their interiors, too much is sacrificed to utility. The highest ideal of the housewife is often, "to make it convenient," rather than beautiful.

If this be true in many homes of plenty, what may be said of the conditions surrounding the home life of the poor? The problem is, how to improve these conditions. To enter these homes where beauty does not dwell, to secure a welcome there, and so to present the message that it shall be heeded, is a difficult and delicate task. Yet so much good comes from even an accepted suggestion, that the task should at least be essayed. Cleanliness is not only next to godliness, it is the handmaiden of art, and beauty should be associated with cleanliness even at the beginning. If but a pot of flowers be placed in a window cleaned in its honor, its sweet influence will be felt at once. Unmade beds, unswept floors, unkempt dress, will be felt out of keeping with that one pot of flowers and clean window through which the sunlight falls. A picture may be placed on the walls; some really beautiful face, some reproduction of the world's best. Its worth may be taught, its beauties pointed out, its history told. In this respect may not some of our Iowa clubs follow the example of Hull House? Their circulating picture gallery of about seventy framed reproductions cost but one hundred dollars. A small collection would be within the reach of almost any club. These pictures from the Hull House gallery are sent out and placed for a time in the homes where no pictures are found. No charge is made and no security required, yet no loss is reported; and everywhere they have wrought a work of helpfulness and happiness. Imagine a beautiful reproduction of the Sistine Madonna, or Fra Angelico's Paradise, or Lepage's Maid of Orleans, in the bare rooms of a Halsted street tenement house! It could not remain there two weeks without having some subtle uplifting influence, without whispering

some message of comfort or of hope. We have few tenements in Iowa, but we may find in every town and village, bare ugly rooms in which live those who need the lesson of beauty. And have you ever visited the small farm house on the prairie? Have you noticed the tired, drawn, hopeless face of the mother? Have you noted the sad, serious, joyless face of the child? They are the victims of solitude and toil. You will see no pictures, no flowers, no curtains, no carpets there. Everything is sacrificed to utility and economy. For the inmates of that house the sun does not shine, the flowers do not bloom, the birds do not sing. Only the crops fail, the winds blow, the frosts chill. If into such homes some beauty, a flower, a picture, or song could go, what good might follow! If to such hearts beauty could but speak its message, for them a new day would be born, hope would return, and the world be bathed again in loveliness and light. But it is not alone to the homes of the very poor that this message should come. In the homes of those who can afford to buy will be found crude and coarse pictures of every description. Think of the influence of these upon the pure impressionable mind of the child! The true must replace the false, the good the vicious, the beautiful that which is mean and ugly, that the minds of the children may be filled "with high objects, with enduring things; purifying thus the elements of feeling and of thought, and sanctifying by such discipline pain and fear."

The task of accomplishing this is sometimes a difficult one. It requires ingenuity, tact, perseverance. But the results which are within the accomplishment of the most modest effort, are well worth the endeavor.

The thought and study now being given in so many places to improving and beautifying the school rooms in which our children spend so large a portion of their time, is already bearing fruit. But there is much to be done. Not only are the school rooms to be beautified, but the influence of all the surroundings upon the

coran Gallery was opened, more than four thousand persons attended the first day. An experiment was made of establishing an art gallery in the slums of East New York for a limited time. The success was astonishing. In five weeks more than one hundred thousand persons visited the improvised gallery, which was a vacant store building, last occupied as a saloon.

To this uplifting and ennobling in mind and character, all work in art should tend. Art in its last resort is of the highest utility. The ideal precedes the real. As one of our distinguished sculptors has said, "Art education is a matter of political economy. There is no nobler way to direct vital energy than to the creation of the beautiful." Ruskin, the great prophet of art in our day, closes one of his lectures by saying:

Let me now finally state to you the main business of art: its service in the actual uses of daily life. The giving brightness to pictures is much, but the giving brightness to life more. To get your country clean and your people beautiful, that is a great and necessary work of art.

It is said that when he was searching for the explanation of the ugliness that pervaded the homes of the poor, Ruskin visited Sheffield to visit the homes of the men who worked in iron. Finding them without models of beauty, he took the marbles he had collected in Greece, the paintings he had found in Italy, the art treasures he had collected in many lands, and distributed them among the working-men, that they might make even the knife and the fork to represent lines of beauty; that the paper upon the walls of the cottage might have, not coarse and harsh colors, but soft tints, and lovely lines; that the carpets and rugs might be pleasing and tasteful. "To Ruskin God gave the task of ushering in an era

when untold prophets of art would rise up to sprinkle beauty upon man's dress, his house, his books, his city. Our world may never behold a Phidias or Praxiteles adorning a single temple. Society may never again have a Brabante or Michael Angelo building a single St. Peter's. But what is infinitely better, our world is to have an art that is increasingly diffusive, sowing all the land with sweetness, and lending refinement to all the people."

May we not hope that through the ministry of art will come a blessing to the State; that its gracious influence shall pervade the entire commonwealth? Then to her people will come a higher life, a purer society, a nobler citizenship. Then beauty in life will find manifestation in art; then life and art will be united; then the beautiful in character will be fused with the beautiful in nature, and loveliness and righteousness will be one.

We are always impatient for results. We want to tear the slowly growing bud, to haste the opening flower. But such is not Nature's way. It must be evolution, not revolution; growth, not creation. In our own lives the beautiful will seem more beautiful if we strive to turn the world to beauty; the truth will appeal more strongly to our own hearts if we endeavor, though never so feebly, to teach others truth; the noble will nobler seem if in others' lives we try to plant the seeds of nobility.

"There shall never be one lost good; what was shall live as before;
All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour."

ASPIRATION.

UP THE viewless walls of time,
May it still be mine,
Still more lofty heights to climb,
Like the scandent vine.

Azalea.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

THE ODYSSEY OF SANDY M'PHERSON.

By H. E. WARNER.

ON A long, level ridge, or terrace, an arm of the ancient sea that once rolled its billows over all that region, Sandy McPherson had built a log cabin, and back of it enclosed a little, irregular somewhat triangular clearing. This was in "the early forties" when the entire population of what is now a great and prosperous state was confined to two or three little lake ports, some moveable wood-chopper's camps in the pineries and a score or so of families scattered up and down Rock River.

The terms "clearing" and "enclosure" must be taken in a legal or technical sense rather than a practical one. Some trees had, indeed, been cut down, leaving there tall, fire-blackened stumps, like the stones in some old, neglected burying ground "to plead the passing tribute of a sigh." For the most part they had been merely girdled and stood, gaunt and bare, awaiting the mercy of the axe or the surer, if slow, tooth of time. The fallen trunks, hapless torsos, headless, limbless, half-rotted beneath, loaded above with mosses, lichens and toadstools, cumbered the ground.

There was at this time in southern Wisconsin the most remarkable and convenient intermingling of prairie and woodland imaginable. Everybody else had selected the former for tillage while they had built in the timber for convenience of fuel and nearness to the river and springs, on which they depended for water. Sandy alone had selected his farm in the picturesque but infertile white oak openings. Some sentimental consideration had determined the choice, noble tree or a great gray boulder, and the farm had gone as a mere incident.

These were the days of happy-go-lucky farming in this then new West. The

earth brought forth by handfuls as in the seven good years. It was not even necessary to tickle her ribs with the hoe. Wheat scratched into the ground in any way made a wonderful return, some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold. Potatoes, plowed under in the spring and plowed out in the fall, made such a marvelous crop, both in quantity and quality, as the most skillful husbandry can now in no wise approach. Hay, if anyone were so fantastic as to desire it, was to be had anywhere for the cutting. The few settlers who had horse teams might gather a little; but cattle, grown slick and shiny in the summer, when winter came, burrowed into the great straw stacks for food and shelter. Hogs ran wild in the woods, fattening on acorns. When wanted they were shot without very careful examination of the marks of ownership. Their market value was too slight to justify much controversy. Deer were, perhaps, more plentiful than swine and venison was considered good enough for every-day. The river swarmed with fish and the woods with small game.

To this community the careful tillage of the east was a subject for infinite merriment. A suggestion of advantage from a rotation of crops would have been received with shouts of derision, and the visionary who should have hinted at the ultimate exhaustion of their soils by constant cropping with no return of fertilizers would have incurred its just resentment. There was only one thing more absurd than "book-farming," and that was the farming of Sandy McPherson.

Certainly it was unique. He commenced his seeding after his neighbors had finished, and reaped his grain when theirs was in the stack or thrashed out and stood in straw-covered rail pens.

His fences were hardly a suggestion. No horse or cow thought it a hardship to push them down if it found them a little too high to step over. Hogs went through or under them without so much as suspecting that they were meant to be prohibitory. His own and his neighbor's stock was therefore always destroying his starveling and belated crops.

But with all his shortcomings and deficiencies as a farmer he had some accomplishments and tastes which his more practical neighbors admired as much, as they ridiculed his general "shiftlessness." He was a man of some little reading and education and had what they considered quite a library. It consisted, to be sure, of some thirty or forty odd volumes, but where the books of the average family were a patent medicine almanac and the Bible, the latter sometimes being omitted, his were looked upon as a vast thesaurus of literature. He painted a little both in oils and water-colors. He played indifferently on the flute and the violin, and would have played many other instruments with equal success if he had been able to get them. He had some theoretical knowledge of horticulture, but was always trying to raise peaches, apricots and figs instead of something suited to the climate. He was very fond of flowers and spent much time in their cultivation, while he left his corn and potatoes to shift for themselves. To do him justice, he was perfectly conscious of his failure in every-day affairs; but, strange to say, he had somehow got it into his head that he was a poet. Only a single theme, probably, inspired his pen, the praise of Janet's bright eyes and raven locks. At this time they had not been very long married.

In most respects she was as practical as he was visionary. To her was largely due the support, such as it was, of the family. Under the conditions I have mentioned the food problem was very simple. Shelter, of a sort, they had, and there was plenty of fuel for the gathering. Clothing was not cheap but a little, by dint of patching, could be made to go a long way.

By and by the family came to be pretty numerous. Every year or so there was the addition of a girl. This was a little disappointing to Sandy who wanted a boy to help him on the farm as he grew older; but the girls were welcome enough, though they excited no enthusiasm. He gave them the attention he gave other things on the farm and was really fond of them, in a way. In the community there was probably no family in which there was so little friction. The affection of husband and wife was frank, positive and un concealed, even in the presence of neighbors. In the eyes of the wife, Sandy was not merely a genius but a model of manly beauty. In reality he was angular, raw-boned, rough-hewn, with features terribly scarred and scored by the smallpox, overhung with a tangled shock of carrotty hair. His face, where the scars left it to be seen, was as freckled as his large, bony hands. O, subtle alchemy of a woman's heart! O, wonderful apotheosis of love! And this idyllic penury, this romantic squalor might have gone on to the end of their days if something extraordinary had not happened.

That something was the discovery of gold in California, with the stories of fortunes to be had for the picking up. The whole neighborhood was at once in a ferment. The preaching of Peter the Hermit never stirred up greater excitement and enthusiasm. Men just beginning to realize comfortable homes dropped everything to join in this mad crusade. Their fortunes and disasters are not a part of this story. But when even the sober, steady-going members of the community were carried away, what must needs be the result upon such a temperament as Sandy's? With his series of unbroken failures and the ruinous prospects before him in the business of farming, it was certain from the first that he would go if he could in any way obtain the means. How he did it is uncertain, but in the summer of '50, joining ox-teams with a neighbor, he set his face westward.

His absence was destined to last as long as that of the fabled hero of Ithaca, and

his wanderings to extend over a vastly greater space. A narration of his adventures would have little of the charm of Homer's story, but it would be far more voluminous. For the battles with the "horse-breaking Trojans," the encounters with monsters, sirens, giants, enchantresses, the toilsome climbing of the steep and desperate wave, there was the slow trail dragged out month after month across the dull plain, with many alarms, indeed, and an occasional conflict with Indians. There was the scramble over the rugged Sierras, with painful vigils, unutterable weariness, perils of burning sands, hunger, thirst, disease, want of the commonest comforts of the humblest home, untold suffering, before his eyes were permitted to even look upon the Land of Promise. There were heart-breaking disappointments, the failure of hopes, Prometheus-like, ever renewed. There were washings of placer gravel and the tunneling of rocky ledges with pick and shovel; the dusty plodding with miner's pack through the hot valleys, the hard climbing of steep crags and the comfortless couch on frigid peaks without shelter or clothing.

He wrote home at first as frequently as circumstances permitted, but with ever lengthening intervals; until at last more than a year would sometimes intervene. Sometimes there were poetic effusions of the old sort, specimens of rare or curious flowers, or water-color drawings of them. Yes, having among his numerous accomplishments a little skill in taxidermy, he even sent stuffed birds, flying squirrels or other small animals. There were some handsome mineral specimens, including small bits of gold-bearing quartz,—but never gold in any merchantable quantity. Not that he was ungenerous or meant to neglect his family. Heaven help us! Other men under like circumstances would have found opportunity to send small sums; but he was always on the point of making his pile and he couldn't be bothered with such trifles. If ever by chance he got a few hundred dollars, it was needed for a

scheme which was presently to make him rich. When this was gone he turned with equal confidence to something else. There were plenty of ways and there was no hurry. He had never in his life been in much of a hurry.

When reduced to an extremity he took his rifle and went to the mountains. He was an excellent shot and he not only supplied himself with food but, with the surplus meat, he soon procured enough funds to be ready for other mining schemes. Despite a score of failures, his cheerfulness never suffered the smallest shock. Through all he was looking forward to a speedy return to his family, of whom he was no less fond than ever. The neighbors had long since concluded that it was a case of desertion, but such a notion had never entered his head. Dreamer that he was, he was unconscious of the passage of time,—certainly, of the changes it was working. Wandering about with no fixed address, he hardly ever heard from home. He had no idea of the privations of his family and their bitter struggles, for with changed conditions, that which had been a rude and uncouth plenty had passed into abject poverty and grinding want. As his wife had always been the mainstay, he knew no reason why she should not get along as well without as with him. In his thought she was always the same smooth-cheeked, oval-faced Janet, like Penelope and all the other old Greek heroines, ever fair and ever young. His little white-haired girls were playing about her as of yore. Their images were fresh in his mind as they had last appeared, torn dresses, bare legs and all. He was sure he would know them if he met them anywhere, even in Hindoostan.

But at last he became aware of change in himself. His ruddy hair and beard became grizzled and he could not help noting that the elasticity of youth was gone. It grew hard to climb the mountain paths. He had to rest oftener and longer. He suffered from numerous aches and pains with which he could recall no previous acquaintance. "I must

be getting old," he vaguely said, but he utterly failed to realize that he had been for half a lifetime in the wilds.

It must have been purely a matter of accident that he did at last "strike it." It was by no means the "pile" of his dreams, but it was something considerable. It would have been riches in those earlier, calm days before the gold-fever had ravaged his senses. Judiciously used, it would, with the farm, support himself and family in modest comfort. For the first time he hesitated about venturing it in another enterprise and while he delayed he received one of his rare letters from home.

Five days carried him back over the trail upon which he had consumed five wearisome months. Meantime civilization had moved westward hundreds of miles along the track where he had seen nothing but moving wagon-trains, grazing buffalo, bleaching bones, or Indians watching from some distant ridge.

He opened his eyes at the strange city where the train set him down a few miles from his home. He had known it only as a straggling little village. And now, after waiting for twenty years with unconcern if not with indifference, he was strangely impatient over a delay of as many minutes. He was consumed with a fury of expectation. He continually exhorted the driver of the swift team to greater speed. Nevertheless, he noted the comfortable homes they passed with some wonder, and when told that this place or that was owned by a man whom he had known as the owner of nothing else than his hands, he was more than astonished. Almost before he could get his bearings the carriage stopped.

If he had been surprised before, he was now absolutely amazed. What! That broken-roofed, sway-backed cabin of rotten logs his home? He had not expected to see a new or elegant house, of course; but that hovel! With windows broken, moss-grown shingles and the general air of poverty and discomfort! All this was very painful after the evidences of thrift and comfort he had noted on the road.

Poor, poor Janet! But he would make ample amends now. She should have a house as good as any in the neighborhood, with fine furniture, carpets, pictures and books. She should wear silks in the kitchen if she liked. His little girls should have a piano. There should be good food, soft raiment, music and dancing. Peace, prosperity and plenty should abound and in their happiness all the discomforts of the past should be forgotten.

The little girls had, in fact, all married and gone. To them the father was but a myth, more shadowy than if he had died instead of going away, and they had from infancy been playing about his grave.

He sprang out of the carriage with the animation if not the ease of youth, and hastened toward the house. A woman very plainly clad, but decently, was at work in the yard. She looked up surprised and a little alarmed at his eager approach. Despite his illusions, when he really thought of it, he had expected Janet to look older. But now, wonders of wonders, there was the smooth brow and cheek, the glossy hair untouched with gray! By what miracle did he now behold her almost completely unchanged?

With a smothered cry he sprang forward, caught her in his arms and kissed her. She screamed in terror, dropped her rake and struggled fiercely to break away. As soon as she could free her hand she brought it with all her might across his cheek. The blow was not light but it was not that which stunned him. He dropped to the ground as if he had been shot.

The woman's fear now took a different direction. She ran for water, sprinkled his face and lifted up his head.

"Why, Janet," he moaned piteously, as soon as he could speak, "didn't ye' know me? I'm Sandy."

"Sandy? You San— what, my Uncle Sandy? Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't know you, but you know I never saw you before."

"But," he faltered, not in the least comprehending, "you—you are Janet?"

"Janet, yes. I'm Janet Williams. I came to live with Aunt Janet after Helen was married."

"Helen?"

"Your daughter."

"Helen married?"

"Why, didn't Aunt Janet write you about it? Yes, she has a little baby now."

That was his youngest child, herself scarcely more than a babe the last time he saw her!

He stood with drooping head; his face, save in one bright spot where the blow had fallen, pallid through all its tan, working curiously, while his breath came in gasps and he fell to trembling in all his frame. Even yet he could not fairly take in the situation, but he was terribly unmanned.

Who shall describe the meeting between the long sundered pair, who had been so fond of each other and so true to their ideals! There was joy in it, indeed, but far more of pain. They wept in each other's arms and gazed long and anxiously into tear-wet faces, searching for the beloved and well-remembered features that were not there. The inexorable hand of Time had passed over them and blotted them out. The persons for whom they had waited so long no longer existed. Their pale images flitted ghost-like among the shadows of the past. They tried to persuade themselves of their gratitude, their gladness, their love; but never was there a bitterer joy,—so strange, unreal and disconsolate it was. They only felt that the Past was dead.

Late that night Sandy sat at the table, after the women had retired to a curtained recess off from the one room of which the house consisted below stairs. When he was sure they were asleep he arose, found paper, pen and ink and for a half-hour sat writing and looking over certain papers which he took from a large wallet, pausing often to rest his head in his hands.

Finally he approached the bed, softly

drew the curtain and looked in on the sleeping faces. Old, wrinkled, almost haggard was the one, with the thin, white hair brushed smoothly across the troubled brow. Soft, smooth-cheeked, plump and pretty, the brows crowned with thick masses of blue-black hair, was the other. And yet in the shadows and half-lights they were wonderfully alike, and he now saw how he had made his mistake in the morning. Very, very softly he pressed a kiss upon the brow of each; drew the curtains to, crept stealthily to the door, passed out into the moonlight, stepping lightly at first; then with long strides he hurried down the road, where the shadows of the great white oaks lay across it, and through all the dreaming wood wove their rich patterns, in and out, in and out, moving and mingling as the branches lightly swayed.

When the women woke, Sandy was not in the room, nor yet in the loft where it was supposed he had slept. On the table lay papers, bills and drafts, duly assigned, and a belt heavy with gold. These were the proceeds of a human life, or of human lives, the outcome of twenty years of toil, danger and privation, the end of fond hopes and idle dreams. It was the wreckage of a ship that had gone down into the infinite depths. Amid this wealth, vain now as the gold of Midas for any purpose for which it had been so painfully acquired, lay a little note which brought a sad comfort to the heart of the wife and floods of tears to her eyes.

"Dear Janet," it ran, "forgive me. I see it all now. I have been asleep all these years. I have utterly ruined my life and yours. All is gone and nothing can bring it back. I can only rejoice that your remaining years may be free from toil. God bless you, dear, and good by."

When they read that, the train that was bearing him away had already climbed out of the steep rim of hills that borders the Mississippi and begun its headlong flight across the prairies of Iowa toward the sunset gates and the shadowy sea.

THE LATEST LOVE AFFAIR AT SAN MARCOS.

BY LETSON BALLIET.

"Who ever loved,
And loved not at first sight?"

THE sun had just dipped into the Pacific and sent the shadows of the foot-hills far up the sides of the mountains, leaving its last "Good Night" in a narrow streak of sunlight along the rock-strewn summit.

Half-way up the mountain stand the mill and buildings of the San Luis Mine, and the constant roar of the quartz-crusher sounds like distant thunder to the people in the little mining town of San Marcos far down the deep, dark cañon—where already, the lights have begun to twinkle in the fast deepening gloom,—and the men are congregating in the saloons.

San Marcos has no excuse for its existence save that the mining interests demanded a place where supplies could be purchased without too much travel to reach it.

Two "general stores" supplied this want, both of which supplied its customers with a generous amount of "forty-rod whisky,"—drawn from a copious supply in the notorious "back room." The remainder of the business of the camp consisted of one hotel, with a bar-room in front, and eight saloons, each having the usual gambling hall paraphernalia, two of which had dancing halls in connection therewith.

The town was situated on narrow strips of grassy soil—on both sides of the San Marcos river—just where the turbulent mountain cataract emerges from the cañon and rushes across the little "flat" only to again enter a wide gorge on its way to the sea.

Through this gorge a rough mountain road had been built and this was the only means of ingress and egress for teams; consequently the lower end of the camp was the "business portion," while the cabins of those whose business compelled

them to live here stretched along a rudely cut foot-trail that led up the cañon toward the San Luis Mine. This trail was so rough that travelers on foot seldom attempted to follow it beyond the limit of the camp, although in early days it had been used by prospectors—leading their "canaries" (burros) laden with tools and supplies and was then the only means of reaching the mineral-bearing country beyond. Since the development of the mines a freight road had been cut from the lower end of the camp around the mountain—which was kept in good condition and led to country formerly reached by the now abandoned "Cañon Trail."

San Marcos was largely settled by English speaking people—from the fact that the mines were all operated with English capital and were managed by Englishmen. The Spanish Americans lacked enterprise to undertake the business of the mining camp, and the natives understood more or less English—though all the "stores" had a sign posted bearing the words, "Se Habla Espanol." ("We speak Spanish.")

Likewise most all the Englishmen spoke more or less Spanish. Particularly was this noticeable in addressing persons by native titles—and in the naming of places and things.

The new manager and superintendent of the San Luis Mine had been here only a few weeks, and, though he was a stranger to the methods, he was already a general favorite among his men and those with whom he came in contact.

"Going to town to-night, Hartman?"

"Yes—I think I'll go down for a while."

The first speaker stood in the door of the assay office and directed his question to the Superintendent as he passed to supper. He was a young Scotchman, by name McFarlan, and was employed as assayer at the mine.

"Guess I'll go down with you then."

"Well," was the monosyllabic reply.

"How are you going? Down the cañon or around by the trail?"

"I'm going down the cañon, it's [the shortest, you know," replied Hartman as he hurried in to his supper.

Frank Hartman, about twenty-six years of age, had recently been sent there from "the States" on account of serious trouble which the former Superintendent had seemed unable to adjust. Hartman was a man of quick decision and indomitable will. He was the coolest man I ever saw in time of excitement and danger. He said little, but every word and every motion had a sort of "get-out-of-my-way air," that none cared to question. That he was a man of experience was evident from the masterful way in which he handled his work.

Supper over, Hartman and Scottie (we always called McFarlan "Scottie") started down the cañon toward San Marcos. Now, as already explained, the cañon trail led into the upper end of the camp, while the wagon trail went through the lower end past the saloons and general loafing places; so it happened that they were walking down the only street of which the town could boast when they met a couple going in the opposite direction.

"Jove," said Scottie, "What a pretty girl, and what a — villain of a man!"

They were too close for Hartman to answer without being overheard, but he whistled softly "W-h-e-u," at the remarkable beauty of the girl.

Soft as was his whistle it caused the girl to look up at him. As their eyes met he noticed that she had been crying and the tear-stained face looked so appealingly into his as to cause him to stop.

He quickly stepped back in front of the Spaniard and lifting his hat said "Excuse me, Senör, but I wish to speak to the lady a moment." And without waiting for his reply he drew the girl into the shadows and said, "You wish to tell me something, do you not?"

"O, Senör, if I only dared, but what have you done? Antonio will kill you and me too."



LEISON BALLIETT, TRUCKEE, CALIF.

"Antonio shan't hurt you, and I'll answer for my life. What have you to tell me?"

"But you don't know Antonio; he has killed men before for crossing him, and he will want to know everything you said to me. I don't know why he didn't shoot you when you took me away from him. I just held my breath for fear he would."

Hartman's quick perception saw that nothing could be gained from the trembling girl this way. "Is he a relative of yours?" queried he.

"No, no, he—" but she stopped, afraid to go further.

"Do you wish to go where he is taking you?"

"No," she answered, "but I dare not refuse him, he would kill me."

"I will take you home."

"Oh, Senör, I wish you would, but he will surely kill you. He is a fury when he is angry."

"Bah, I ain't afraid. If I have your permission I'll look out for my own safety."

"Oh, Senör," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "It is madness; everybody is afraid of him; he does as he pleases and — and — I don't want you to get hurt," she faltered.

"But may I see you safely home? You haven't answered my question."

"No," she said, "I wish you could, but Antonio would —"

"Antonio —, just give me your permission and I'll make matters right with him."

"Oh — you have my permission, and I am so glad to give it; but, really, it is rashness."

She might have said more but he didn't heed her; he went to the man he had left standing on the sidewalk, and in that quiet but masterful way of his said, "I'll see the young lady home myself. You can consider yourself at liberty as soon as you wish."

The Spaniard, at first bewildered at Hartman's audacity, now fairly fumed; but the American's manner was so quiet, so authoritative, that, coward as he was at heart, he made no violent demonstrations but turned and walked rapidly down the street.

It was Scottie's turn to whistle now, for he had been there much longer than Hartman and knew the Spaniard's reputation well.

"Whew," that's the nerviest piece of work I've seen in a good while," said he as he followed the Spaniard down town.

"Oh, I'm so relieved; but what did you say to him that he didn't get angry?" inquired the girl as Hartman returned to her side.

"I just told him I would see you safely home and that he was at liberty to go whenever he pleased. But, excuse me, — you speak remarkably good English Miss — Miss —"

"Ament — Dorothy Ament," hastily put in the girl.

"Then you are not Spanish, the name explains your English."

"Yes — I was born here; my mother is native, but my father came from the States, and he had me educated in California."

"Ah, I see; but need we walk so fast? My name is Hartman — Frank Hartman, I am employed at the San Luis Mine, I have been here only about six weeks and I hope I may see more of you!"

"Hartman, what a pretty name?" said she.

"Do you think so? I'm glad you like it."

"Why?" said she looking up quickly.

"Oh — it's a good sign; if you like a person's name you are pretty sure to like the person; and besides you have answered a question that I implied a moment ago, which you failed to answer at the time," said Hartman gracefully getting around the trap he had purposely laid.

"Did I? Pray, what was the question?"

"Oh — I simply said I hoped I might see more of you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hartman, I shall be glad to have you call any time."

"Here is where I live," continued she, pointing to a dwelling in a neatly kept yard, though the cottage was so veneered with pretty vines as to be almost hidden from view."

They stopped and he opened the gate.

"Won't you come in?"

"No. Wait a moment, Miss Ament, I want to ask you a question."

"Who is this man Antonio, and how came you to be out with him?"

"He is the son of a very wealthy and powerful Mexican officer. He has been very wild and goes with a bad set. He is always supplied with plenty of money, and on account of that and his family influence the native authorities make no effort to restrain him or any of his set, and he can make pretty serious trouble for any one he sees fit to lay a complaint against. And, Mr. Hartman, I'm afraid he'll make trouble for you. He will either try to kill you himself or get some of

his cronies to do it, or he'll try to get the native authorities to make you trouble."

She was trembling now, and he could see that her fears were for him.

"And how came you to be out with him to-night?"

She didn't answer for a moment; then she said, "I suppose you have a right to ask me now; but I'm afraid to tell you, not only for your own sake, but because you who were reared in the States will scarcely comprehend social conditions which tolerate Antonio's course. He has been paying me some attentions ever since I came back from college. At first I tolerated him on account of his family influences which got my father his position in the government service. Then he wanted me to marry him; I told him it could never be, and tried to reason with him, but he refused to listen and got angry and threatened until I was afraid of him and could only put him off, hoping something would turn up that I could get away. Last night he threatened to kill me if I didn't marry him to-day, and I avoided him all day until to-night when he caught me coming from the store and would have killed me then, if I hadn't gone with him. I was completely terrorized by his threats. We were going then to have the marriage ceremony performed and I suppose we would have been married by this time if you hadn't come along. I am ashamed to tell you this—but you must remember that you are in Mexico where many strange things happen."

"Dorothy," called a voice, "is that you?"

"Yes, I'll be there in a moment, mother."

"Won't you come in a while?" this last to Hartman.

"Just for a few moments," said he.

He was introduced to Mrs. Ament who seemed glad to make the acquaintance of a countryman of her husband, insisting when he rose to leave that he must call again.

The daughter accompanied him to the door. "Mr. Hartman, do be careful,—

Antonio is such a dangerous man when he is angry."

"O, I'll not be harmed by him. I guess it wouldn't make much difference if I was, but I'll give him to understand his place, and he'll not bother *you* any more."

"O, Mr. Hartman, do be careful!"

"He who is born to be hanged will never be killed any other way," carelessly answered he—and, strangely elated by her solicitude for him, he hurried down town to find Scottie.

A sound of music came from "The Cougar" and Hartman pushed open the screen doors and entered the saloon.

It was evident that the story had reached the crowd before him, for instantly the noise stopped, and all eyes turned to the surly Spaniard who stood leaning against the bar, where he had been drinking.

"Hello, Hartman, haven't seen you before this week," said the bar-keeper. "Have a smoke with me," said he, shoving out a box.

Hartman walked to the bar and took a cigar, bit the end and reached for the lamp.

The Spaniard, standing now within three feet of him, drew out a long knife and struck at Hartman.

The American threw up his arm and stopped the thrust and then struck his assailant a knock-out blow that sent him reeling under a billiard table.

"Wasn't that a side-tosser for you!" exclaimed a bystander as Hartman lit his cigar.

"A corner pocket," remarked another admiringly.

While Hartman leaned over the bar talking to the bar-tender, the Spaniard crawled out from under the billiard table; picked himself up, and worked his way around behind him with his knife still in hand.

Every man in the house drew a revolver, and the Spaniard would have met his death there and then, had not McFarlan raised his hand as a signal to let him alone.

"Hartman 'll fix him this time; he knows he's there," whispered Scottie, noting that the superintendent's eyes were watching the man's motions in the little looking glass that hung over the whisky case behind the bar.

The Spaniard again lunged at him, but Hartman wasn't there. The knife struck the bar and snapped short off, the blade sticking into the counter, cutting a fearful gash in the hand of the would-be murderer.

Hartman, strangely cool and self-repressive, walked away and took a seat at one of the card tables and began to shuffle a deck that lay on the table. The Spaniard wrapped his handkerchief around his hand, and in company with another native, left the place.

The crowd breathed easier, the dance went on upstairs, and the games were soon in full blast again.

"My God, Hartman," said one, "Why didn't you kill that Spaniard?"

"O," said he, "it's too hard work to dig a grave in this rock. Besides I haven't got my private graveyard started yet."

"I'll see that and go you ten better," said Hartman aside, shoving the chips out on the table. Then turning to his interrogator: "He'll let me alone after this."

"Bang!" Hartman's hat dropped on the table in front of him. He picked it up and put it on his head as unconcerned as if a puff of wind had blown it off, for his quick ear caught the sound of hoofbeats and he knew it would be useless to try to follow.

"For God's sake, Hartman, get up and turn around, anyway! You're the most provokingly cool fellow I ever saw! Why didn't you go after him?"

"Didn't you hear his horse's hoofs? He's on horseback," said Hartman. "Go on with the game. What do you do?" And the gaming continued.

It was late when Hartman and McFarlan started up the cañon for the mine. Many of the boys offered to go along, but Hartman laughed off their fears and started, after many hand-shakings with admiring old-timers.

Hartman and McFarlan had almost reached the mine when they heard a shot away down below them on the wagon road.

"I wonder who's shooting up there this time o' night," said Scottie.

"I don't know; guess we'd better turn in and catch a few hours sleep before morning," said Hartman as they separated.

The next morning, shortly after the night shift had turned in, and the day men gone to work, Hartman was sitting at his desk writing when two men came in. The jingling of their spurs told that they had ridden up, and their panting horses showed that they had ridden hard.

"How did it happen, Hartman?"

"What happen?"

"Listen to that, pardner, he's just as provokingly unconcerned as ever."

"Did the Spaniard attack you on the trail last night?"

"No; why? I haven't seen him since he left the Cougar last night."

"Don't you know Antonio was found dead about half way between here and the camp—shot in the head?"

"No, I didn't know it."

"Everybody thinks you did it, and the warrants are out for your arrest."

"Very well, I'm ready whenever they serve them."

"Confound you, why don't you tell us how it happened, or get ready to skip? Nobody will follow you into the mountains; the Mexican officers are afraid of you, and all the Americans will stand up for you."

"I won't run a step! I didn't kill him. We came up the cañon and not up the trail."

The two men went back to town and told the result of their interview. Meanwhile the officers had formed a posse to arrest the supposed murderers.

"Boys," said the bar-keeper, "Hartman never killed that man. He had plenty of legitimate chances right here last night and avoided every one of 'em, and it's preposterous to think he'd go up on the mountain and kill him that way, and I for one won't let him suffer." — L

"Good boy, Dan; I'm with you."

"Here too," said another, and so all the foreigners in the camp banded themselves together to help out their unfortunate friend.

Meanwhile the officers had gone to the mine and read the warrant to the young superintendent and his assayer, who offered no resistance or protest. They were taken down to town and thrown into jail.

"Well we're in a pretty good position now to stop some Mexican lead, all on account of your foolishness," said Scottie as the doors swung shut behind them.

"O, they can't prove anything 'bn us," said Hartman.

"You're not in the United States now; they don't have to prove it. They can convict on nothing here. Money is all that talks here, and that greaser's relatives have plenty of that."

"O, we'll get out all right."

"O, you'd get out of hell if you was thrown in there, but there ain't another American in Mexico that would."

"It all comes in a lifetime, but I don't want to be here, any more than you, and what's more I don't intend to stay."

"Yes, but you take such ungodly chances, and how you are going to get out with those two natives guarding you I don't see."

"I don't know myself yet, but just keep your eye on my smoke. You didn't have any trouble with the fellow; the boys will swear you out. You'll be turned up all right and I want you to run the San Luis till I can get somebody here to look after it. Don't notify the company for six months. We may not have a chance to talk again; they may shut me off, or I may make a break any time; so, remember what I say."

The door opened and the jailor said, "A lady to see you, Mr. Hartman." Hartman stepped out into the corridors and met the girl of his last night's adventure. He waited for her to speak.

"Oh, Mr. Hartman, I didn't think you would do that," she said.

"I didn't do it; the man was killed by somebody else."

"Oh!" (with a sigh of relief) "I knew you wouldn't do such a thing. I told mamma so, and she told me all about the trouble up town last night and said there wasn't a man in San Marcos that believes you did it, except the Spaniards; but Antonio's family is so rich and have so much influence that the natives will make you trouble. I came up to tell you that the men up town are going to try to get you out to-night. A man has been sent to every mine, and all the miners and men from the ranches over the range who are not natives will be in to-night. The superintendents have promised a short shift and no night shift will go on. Everybody is trying to find out who the real murderer is. Mamma said I might come and tell you."

"These men are very kind to me considering I'm a stranger here. I'm much obliged to them, but they mustn't get themselves into trouble. I'm only one; nobody cares for me. It makes little difference whether I live or die, but many of them have families dependent upon them."

"Why, Mr. Hartman, what makes you say that?" Everybody that knows you likes you—and—I certainly care for you."

The admission that she cared for him made him long for his liberty, and for the first time he fully realized the seriousness of the situation.

"Dorothy," he said, holding out both his hands and advancing a step nearer the girl, "You care for me? That means more to me than you can realize. Fortune threw us together, she will not desert us now."

She placed her hands in his and he stood looking down into her brown eyes.

"I don't know just how this will all end, but I know it'll come out all right—if I live," he added quickly.

"Oh don't say that!"

"Dorothy, if I couldn't have you in my life I wouldn't care whether I live or not, in fact I'd———" He stopped, drew the plain gold band from his finger and, slipping it on her hand, said, "I'll bring you a better one some day; wear that till

then; if anything should happen, at least, you will have that to remember me by."

Counting time "by heart throbs," they had known and loved each other for years.

Approaching footsteps warned Dorothy that she must leave and she turned away, but not so quickly that he did not note the tears spring to her eyes. He turned and walked into his cell.

"I'm going out to-night; so remember the instructions, Scottie," said Hartman.

That afternoon he had many callers. The jailors grumbled considerably at being bothered, but were afraid to refuse the visitors.

About one o'clock at night the keys rattled in the lock, and the heavy steel door swung open. Nearly four hundred masked men were ranged outside. The leader turned a dark lantern onto the jail and motioned the prisoner to come out.

He stepped out amongst them and the two native jailors were bound and gagged and locked in his cell. A long overcoat was given him, a change of hat, and a black mask so that he could not be told from any of the others. Down toward the bay the procession went. No one spoke a word. The leader motioned to a boat and showed him a scrap of paper after he had loosened the boat from its moorings. The directions read:

"Row to the American ship *Doris*; arrangements are made.

FRIENDS."

Hartman took off his disguise; shook hands all around with the men; climbed into the boat, and pushed off.

The men had disappeared and he rowed slowly out into the open bay where he could just distinguish the *Doris* getting up steam in the gray of the dawn. But meanwhile the Spanish authorities had found out about the jail delivery and had dispatched a boat load of officers after the fugitive.

The *Doris* was already under way when the police boat hove in sight. Hartman rowed hard, but the boat gained on him. He was now ahead of the *Doris* and she would pass between him and his pursu-

ers, if he could only keep the officers' boat at that distance a few moments longer.

He picked up his Winchester that had been placed in the boat by his rescuers and, running his eye over the barrel, fired, breaking one of the oars of the pursuing boat just above the paddle. This caused the boat to swing round and lose a few yards. "Good," came the cry from the *Doris*, whose crew had been watching the maneuvers. But the officers in the boat fired a volley. Hartman threw up his hands; staggered to his feet; dropped his rifle and fell headlong from the boat. The water closed over him, and a shout went up from the pursuers.

But Hartman wasn't dead, nor even hit. He swam under water to the side of the steamer and then hung to the chains. The police officers, thinking him dead, took his boat in tow and returned to shore.

Notwithstanding the arrangements made for him, Hartman realized the risk and embarrassments of the situation, so he clung to the chains all day and at night climbed on board. He bribed the watch, got some dry clothes and was hid away and four weeks later was landed in Honolulu as a stowaway by the name of Jim Murphy.

Several weeks after this adventure a well dressed, full-bearded young man boarded a little sailing vessel that was engaged in the coast trading business. He registered as F. W. Hartman, Denver, Colorado, U. S. A., bound for San Marcos. A few weeks later this same young man walked into "The Cougar" at about 10 o'clock at night.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Can any one of you tell me the whereabouts of a man by the name of Frank Hartman? He's a brother of mine and is, or was when I last heard of him, superintendent of the San Luis mine."

The barkeeper responded, "He's not here now. I am sorry to say that about three months ago he was arrested for the murder of a Spaniard and was shot while attempting to escape. He was a good

friend of mine and I'm glad to meet his brother—won't you have something?"

"No, thank you, I never drink."

"Just like your brother! Well, have a cigar?"

"I don't care if I do, thank you."

"Boys come up and have something. This is a brother of Frank Hartman, the man killed by the officers on the bay," said the barkeeper. The boys responded heartily.

It was soon known around town that Hartman's brother had arrived and, having come with authority to inspect and report to the company, would doubtless take his dead brother's place at the San Luis mines, at least until the company should appoint another superintendent. He made friends with the citizens readily; but rarely went to town. He saw his friends only as they came up to the mines, which was pretty often.

Meanwhile the people often remarked: "How much like his brother!" He looked like him, rode like him, walked like him, talked like him. The resemblance of the older brother to the younger was so marked that it might have caused suspicion had not the officers seen Frank Hartman shot and fall into the water dead!

Meanwhile Hartman in his self-enforced solitude was longing for some excuse to see the girl from whom he had so hastily parted.

One day Mrs. Ament sent a note to the mine asking "Mr. F. W. Hartman" to call at the house, telling him that her daughter was very ill and that she asked for "Frank" nearly all the time; and perhaps he could tell her something about his dead brother that would help her; and maybe the similarity would prove a comfort to her in her delirium.

Hartman hurried down to the cottage.

"May I see her alone first?" asked the young man.

"Yes," eagerly responded the anxious mother.

He entered the sick girl's room. She was very weak, but her eyes shone with delight as they rested on him. Her lips

moved and he bent his ear close to catch her words.

"Oh, Frank, you have come at last! They told me you were killed," she whispered.

She seemed too exhausted to say more, but he took her hand in his and answered: "Yes, darling, I am here, but you must not tell. They think I am dead."

"They told me your brother had come to take your place but he never came to see me. Has everything been settled yet?"

"No, things are not settled."

Her eyes closed, but a faint smile rested upon her pale face. He sat a few moments, silently watching the sweet face, and then said: "I must leave you now; it tires you to talk; but I will come again this afternoon." With this he stooped and kissed her and left the room.

Meeting her mother in the hall, he said, "She thinks I am Frank. She must have been deeply in love with him, and his death has pretty nearly killed her. Let her think I am Frank till she recovers."

That afternoon he found her slightly improved. Thenceforth she rapidly improved. In two weeks' time she was able to sit up in a big chair for an hour or so, and at the end of a month she could move about the house.

One evening she asked: "How is it that you come and go when you please, if all these troubles are not settled?"

"You are strong enough now to hear the whole story. I came back to San Marco because I loved you and wanted to be near you. I told them I was a brother of the man who had been shot and had come commissioned to inspect the mines; and, finding his place vacant had temporarily taken it under my general instructions from the company. They believed it, for they 'saw Frank Hartman die.' When the police fired at me in the boat, I staggered and fell out of the boat, but was not hit at all. I swam under water to the 'Doris' and clung to her chains from early morning till late at night. Then I climbed in, and even the sailors thought I was a stowaway, for I changed my name; and,—had they not seen Frank

Hartman fall into the water? When I arrived at Honolulu I waited a couple of weeks; then came back as F. W. Hartman, a brother of myself!"

"Oh, Frank, how could you run such an awful risk!"

The response was quickly given, and very gratifying it was to the loving heart of the girl.

Weeks passed, and things remained unchanged until one night, at one of the saloons in which the natives were wont to congregate, occurred a fight in which several men were severely hurt. One was killed and another fatally stabbed. He it was who had left The Cougar with Antonio the night of the Spainard's murder. Just before his death he confessed to quarreling with Antonio while they were waiting for Hartman to come along, and killing him in defending himself.

This confession, of course, exonerated Hartman. Soon as McFarlan learned of it he nearly wrung his superintendent's hand off, and, jumping on his horse, though it was nearly midnight, he hurried to the Cougar and rode his horse into the bar-room.

"Boys," he shouted, "Frank Hartman's alive and well; he's at the San Luis mine now; he's been there for four months; I've known it all the time, but I've been afraid to give it away; F. W. Hartman is the Frank Hartman we took out of jail here over seven months ago!"

The story of the confession had reached the Cougar crowd long before this, and the loud cheers that greeted Scottie's announcement proclaimed the joy those rough men felt. The next day not a miner struck a pick into the rock, not a mill was running. Frank Hartman was carried bodily through the town and a general celebration was indulged in.

Several months have passed since then, and to-day there isn't a miner in the San Marcos mining district that wouldn't fight for Superintendent Hartman at the drop of the hat. In case of disputes among the men he is often appealed to as judge and adjuster, and "what he says goes."

Superintendent Hartman is soon to marry "Ament's girl"—and when the wedding occurs San Marcos will have the biggest celebration in its history.



THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

WITHIN the thicket's deepest night
He trills so sweetly unto me,
The crystal shower of his delight
Would captivate fair Melody!

Herbert Bashford.

THE VAGRANT OF CASER MINE.*

BY HELEN FRANCES CLUTE.

PART SECOND.

I.

WHERE am I?" Edith asked faintly; and a voice replied, "You are safe, and unharmed I trust!"

A man in sombrero and high-topped boots was standing before her. His dirt begrimed face and husky tones seemed strangely a part of the surroundings.

On either side, tall pines; in the distance, towering mountain peaks; beneath her, the soft carpet of scattered pine needles, and above, through branching foliage, she saw the blue which only a Western sky can reflect.

"What has happened, Marie, where is Jim?" said Edith, looking around in wondering surprise.

Marie laughed heartily; laughed one long, ringing peal—the outburst of her nervousness and relief. "Jim, the little rascal, is under that pine, still tearing at his bridle and pawing the moist earth as if he would tear it to tatters; and,—oh, Edith,—look at the phaeton!" and Marie pointed theatrically to the shattered remains of the conveyance lying upturned upon the ground.

Edith rose dizzily to her feet.—"But I don't understand," she said; "when I looked ahead I was right upon the engine and could almost feel its hot breath upon my face; but now,—was it all a dream—no cars, no phaeton, no horse? Tell me what occurred!"

"You fainted, madam, just as I caught the horse's bit. Really it was not a serious accident. It is probable you would have been saved and your carriage in a much better condition had it not been for my unnecessary interference. Your horse ran into that tree by the side of the little bridge. The shock would have stopped him, anyway, but I was startled and ran up to seize him just as

the train went over the crossing. Your friend jumped out and dragged you after her. In my fears for your safety, I loosed my hold upon the bridle and your vicious little cayuse started again. This time I had to run; and with the help of some men I succeeded in catching him after he had demolished the phaeton. I am sorry, but you must delay some hours before the men at the mine will have leisure to repair the broken single-tree and shafts."

"To whom are we indebted for this timely assistance?" asked Edith, recovering herself and smilingly addressing the man before her.

"My name is Overton. I am a coal miner employed in the Caser Mine. If I mistake not, I have seen you before. Do you remember the manner in which you spent the first day of this year? Did you not assist at a dinner given by the Epworth League of Angus?"

"Why, yes! and you are—you are my tramp!" exclaimed Edith, her face aglow, her eyes dancing. "I felt that I had seen you before. Your voice sounded so familiar when you first addressed me. I did not recognize you as you have grown heavier; you look better too, and happier. I am glad too to see you again. I have thought of you frequently,—we both have,"—turning to Marie.

"And we've often made you the subject of our special prayers,"—put in Marie, in her smooth voice.

"Is this true?" asked Ralph Overton, turning to Edith whose black eyes were quickly averted in laughing embarrassment. "Did you really remember that ragged tramp—that beggar, Miss Thompson? It was good of you! How I wanted to give you some proof of my appreciation! You made a new man of me—though I am not much to brag of, yet," he added.

"Her name isn't Thompson. What made you think it was?" asked Marie.

*Awarded the Original Story prize in the April 1st Competition. Begun in August.

"I beg your pardon! I took the liberty of telling the incident of New Year's day to the foreman of the mine, a man from Angus, hoping to obtain some information as to your name. I described you as best I could, and he informed me that there was a teacher named Louise Thompson, who answered my description. I wrote to the League in vain endeavor to prove to you that I was somewhat better than the rascally beggar you thought me."

"My name is Edith Ward," laughed the girl.

"Miss Ward, let me tell you my story. You have at least two hours to wait. It may while away the time to listen to the uneventful life of a worthless tramp whom you have saved, at least, from suicide."

The girls threw themselves down upon the grass in silent acquiescence. "Excuse me for a moment, please," and Ralph Overton walked hurriedly toward a house at whose door hung the familiar sign—"James & Rooney, Dealers in Wines, Liquors and Tobacco."

II.

"Can he be going for a drink?" asked Edith, casting a frightened glance in all directions. They seemed so terribly alone there—no woman within miles of the place; no way of escape; at the mercy of a tramp, or at best, a set of rough Western miners.

Five minutes passed and the girls became more and more uneasy. They talked in hushed tones of walking into Angus, of riding Jim bareback—but "Jim was so unreliable" as Marie put it; and there seemed to be nothing to do but to sit helpless in the midst of this brooding mountain stillness.

At last the door of the little log house swung open and the miner reappeared bearing in his hands a basket. Approaching the girls with a quick spirited stride, he smiled rather nervously as he said: "You will pardon the liberty I have taken, but it seemed to me that you needed some food to sustain you till evening

after your long drive and the nervous exhaustion of the runaway. I know I am unknown to you; but you will believe me when I say that the kindness you once showed me would be sufficient to put it forever out of my power to do you any harm. Will you try to eat something? It is homely fare—not so palatable as that New Year's dinner, but it will strengthen you during the hours before you can reach Angus."

"Certainly we will accept your hospitality, Mr. Overton. It is a kindness which we keenly appreciate. The fact is I am most unromantically hungry! Will you not join us, or are you obliged to return to your work?"

"I have secured a 'lay off' for the remainder of the day, so I am at your service, ladies. Perhaps you will permit me to tell you my story as you eat. It's a commonplace story, but I wanted you to know me as I really am. I have felt that you might think even worse of me than I deserve."

"We feel much safer to have you with us here, and far less lonely, but can you afford to give us your time?" inquired Edith. Marie looked on in wondering silence. Could this genial, companionable girl, so readily adapting herself to the society of a beggar, be her proud Edith? Where was the *hauteur* with which she had received the social overtures of Mrs. F—, the butcher's wife? Where was the satirical humor in which she had sneered at Mr. S—, the young man who owned the candy and pea-nut store on the corner? Here was a girl, all warmth and blushes, all timidity and tremor; eating huge pickles and ham sandwiches in the evidently congenial society of a coal miner, a tramp, a beggar! And there, under a Western sky, in the seclusion of a pine-clad ravine they sat and listened to the story of Ralph Overton's life.

Desdemona and the Moor came into the fertile mind of Marie Temple. How pure and simple Edith looked; how black and picturesque the miner! Desdemona loved Othello for the dangers he had

passed.⁸ But Marie put the thought far from her as treason to the woman at her side.

III.

Ralph Overton, the only son of a wealthy New England family, was born in a small town in Ohio. In the year 1861, a few months prior to his birth, his parents had moved from Vermont to Ohio, and settled in the village of R—. The fateful unrest of his natal year found expression in the boy's life. Of a nervous temperament he developed into a wild and reckless lad. At nineteen he had not learned the first page in the great lesson of self-control. Up to this time he was still the pride of a doting mother and the center of his father's ambition. Then came the "storm and stress period." College life, with its manifold temptations and experiences, disclosed to the boy tendencies in his own nature which his parents had never suspected. Kind-hearted and generous, Ralph became as wax in the hands of the young profligates with whom he delighted to associate. Drink, gambling debts and threatened disgrace drove him to his father with humble confession. The prayers of a fond mother prevailing, Ralph was forgiven and his difficulties were satisfactorily settled. But wine had done its work and Ralph went from bad to worse. An open rupture between him and his father occurred. The stern old man, inflexible in the strength of his own morality and rectitude, forbade his son the parental roof. Wild with anger, reckless in his mortified pride, the foolish youth packed his trunk in stubborn silence, assisted by his thoroughly heart-broken mother. With five hundred dollars in his pocket, he started for the West. He intended to "show the old man that a smart fellow, who isn't too slow, can make his own way in the world." Two weeks later, in that smoking hell called Butte, he saw his last dollar swept off the table by a rollicking little gambler from the country. A good natured acquaintance offered him a position in his faro den, and for a

time Ralph "enjoyed life." He was "seeing the world."

Several years passed; a lucky investment of a few hundred dollars brought into Overton's hands a small ranch slightly stocked with cattle, situated at the mouth of Hell Roaring Cañon. After four years of ranch life, during which time Ralph had raised his property to double its former value, old Boreas swept down from the snow-capped mountains and in his icy grasp locked field and rill.

Snow and sleet, hurled fiercely upon the surrounding country, covered up the short grass upon which Ralph was depending for feed for his stock.

The next spring saw him again penniless. For a few days the problem of bread-winning seemed a hard one, and then he succeeded in getting work as a common miner in the silver mines of Butte.

It was nearly six years before Ralph Overton could call himself his own man. These years were long and trying ones, but he managed to learn much pertaining to mining; everywhere his keen intellect and unerring judgment aided him. In time he became a skilled miner—a drifter—then foreman,—and last,—joint owner in a little mine but recently opened when he bought his shares.

When the Blue-Eyed Nellie mine shut down, it was for want of funds; and when the affairs of the company were investigated it was found that settlement would leave a large number of the stockholders ruined men. Ralph Overton was among that number. Crushed, overwhelmed by his misfortunes, penniless, hungry and cold, he walked the streets of Butte cursing his luck and the Powers that gave him birth. Then came his ride into Angus in a box-car; then came New Year's day and Edith Ward,—and the story was told.

He was not what the world would call a good man. He even possessed some of the qualities which go to make a bad man; but he recognized his own follies and longed to rectify his mistakes. All this Edith Ward knew, as she sat upon a

fallen pine and watched the man before her as in trembling, often bitter tones, he told his story. As he spoke of his wild craving for food and the effect of Edith's sympathetic assistance, his eyes filled with tears and the hard lines were all effaced.

IV.

The blue of mid-day faded into pallid gray. It was time for the return. The blacksmith from the mine came up somewhat hesitatingly. Removing the pipe from his tobacco-stained mouth, he remarked, to the amusement of all: "I hate loike hell to disthurb yes, gairls, but the kerriage is raidy now and yes can stharr whinever yes loikes. Mike an' me has ben havin' a darn soight o' throuble with it; but I guess it will be afther workin' all roight now. Begorra! mum, but yes hev a divil of a drive ahaid o' yes,"—and the gallant old blacksmith made several backward gyrations intended for bows and departed for the saloon, where he drank most generously to the "beautiful gairls that Ralph was a chinnin', out thar forinist the big pine."

Edith was nervous and bordering on hysteria. In fact, both girls were terror-stricken at the thought of that long drive in the quickening gloom. "Oh, Mr. Overton! I hesitate to ask it of you—but to-morrow is Sabbath and I will see to it that you are taken back on time—can you—will it be possible for you—to—drive—back with us? We will gladly remunerate you for your loss of time and we will pay your expenses while at the hotel in Angus. It seems to me that I *cannot* drive Jim back to the village. He is so restless and I am but a poor driver at best. It is growing dark—"

"Certainly, Miss Ward," interrupted Ralph, "I should have offered my escort and services as driver, but I feared you would not understand my motive. It will save me much uneasiness to see you safe within your own home." And Ralph Overton, as he spoke, arranged the seat and assisted into the phaeton these two girls whom Fate had again so unexpectedly thrown into his way. How different

they were from the women whom he had known in his own wild world! How innocent they were, and how womanly!

Strange thoughts surged through the brain of the man, and his heart beat rather irregularly as he took his seat between the two daintily clad ladies.

The novelty of the situation greatly amused Marie as she waited in no slight trepidation Edith's next move.

A queer drive was that through the dusky pines and mountain-clad road! Here and there the cañon narrowed so as to leave room for naught but roadway and river-bed. They drove back in silence. The river rushed and roared down the steep grade and the winds united their voices in a mournful mis-erere. At times, however, it was so still that in her imagination Edith could hear the fall of the pine needles as they thickened the carpet they had been laying for centuries.

When the twinkling lights of Angus came into view, Edith's heart sank with strange foreboding. This, then, was the end! Monday she was to return to Illinois, and—a dull pain settled about her heart—in a few minutes the man beside her would be out of her life entirely! She would never see him again! What was this vagabond, that she should care?

"Here we are!" cried Marie, "Main Street! Only a few blocks now and we will be home!"

Edith awakened from her reverie. "O, Mr. Overton! You have saved our lives at least once to-day, perhaps often-er. Let me again thank you! You say I have helped you. I hope I have for you have in you the material from which *men* are made. Thus far, your life has been a failure and the fault has been your own. I am frank, you see. If I wound you, forgive me! I am interested in you and in your future; to prove it, I ask that you will occasionally inform me of your whereabouts."

"I go to Ann Arbor next year. Will you write me there, and let me know how you succeed in fighting these battles with self?"

Ralph turned pale, then the quick blood mounted to his forehead. "If you are serious, Madam,—Miss Ward—certainly; but you will pardon me if I remind you that between a tramp and a cultured lady there can be nothing in common. I am a ruined gambler and a spendthrift; you, a refined, true woman. Do you *wish* me to write you, or are you saying this in return for the service you are pleased to fancy I have rendered you?"

Edith laughed. "Self-sacrifice has never been one of my virtues, Mr. Overton. I am very human. First and foremost, I would please myself. Now, to please me"—and Edith glanced up with coquettish pout, "will you promise to write me next New Year's day; while I, in return, make you the same promise?"

Ralph Overton smiled; the easy grace of his boyhood returned to him under the influence of her genial words and, for the moment, he forgot time, space, identity itself;—he was a friend bidding Edith Ward farewell.

"I will surely remember," he said and put out his hand in token of friendly adieu. But Marie broke in impulsively, "Mr. Overton, will you now accept this bill, as a slight proof of our indebtedness to you?"

He flushed with anger to the roots of his dark curling hair. "You are not indebted to me, Miss Temple; what I have done is in return for Miss Ward's kindness. It is little enough but, perhaps, some day I may do more;" and Ralph Overton, miner, walked rapidly away in the dusk.

V.

Home seemed very dear to Edith Ward; and the rolling prairies and wood-bordered streams of Illinois never looked so beautiful as in contrast with the stern majesty of Montana scenery. Locked in her mother's arms she forgot for a time, the tinkling streams and wild cascades of her western life. But summer waned and, in the yellow flush of autumn beauty, she saw again, in day dreams, the aster

laden nooks of Angus. She dreamed at night of darkling pines and, in some shady glen, listened to the howl of the prowling coyote or awakened with a start at the scream of a mountain lion.

Aurora was a pretty town; it was her birthplace and her home. Here was all the world could give her of love and comfort; yet something was lacking. Under the spreading branches of a huge elm she lay, book in hand, lazily swinging the hammock and peeping at the stars that glinted through the overhanging foliage. This same moon was softly bathing the miners' huts in Caser! Its glorifying light was turning dirty log cabins into silver, kissing the branches of surrounding pine till cañon became fairy dell and cabin became palace.

It was not until September's chilly winds shook the first yellow leaves from off the maples that Edith began to make active preparations for her new work. All summer long she had been dreaming. Now she must awaken from her lethargy.

Dress-makers, shopping, the usual routine of farewell calls, and at last Edith stood in the registrar's office,—a tall, dignified figure in broadcloth and fur.

Professor Francoise looked at her with a quizzical glance. What was this new girl who towered above him in such magnificent calm? She had been a teacher; that accounted for her air of self-satisfaction; "*Elle sait son pain manger!*" chuckled he to himself. "*Neanmoins, elle aurait beaucoup à apprendre.*"

Edith bore it all rather stoically. The little Frenchman with his spider-like frame and nervous manner impressed her unpleasantly. She was glad when it was over, her credit sheets made out and her entrance assured.

Edith Ward was a woman with no small ambitions. To those who were unaware of her romantic tendencies, she was a woman of the new era; not an unsexed creature, but a womanly woman with a woman's heart and a man's independence.

She entered the University to work; she worked to rise. Never in the history

of the school had a young woman evinced more energy and power. She carried everything before her.

VI.

It was time for the Commencement Ball. Few of the five hundred fair "co-eds" had been so fortunate as to receive invitations; for the young men of the University had long before this invited to the ball the sweethearts whom they had left behind them four years before. The fraternity houses were crowded. Beautiful girls with matronly chaperons had come from far and wide to attend the "swell affair of the year" in Ann Arbor.

Although there were younger girls in attendance at the University, there were none who were fairer or more charming than Edith Ward. The girl's beauty, elegance and ready wit made her a favorite wherever she went. She stood before the mirror in her private room. A beautiful vision confronted her. She saw a tall woman in fleecy clouds of white tulle. The queenly head, surmounting a shapely throat and perfect shoulders, was crowned with a coronet of jetty braids into which a few blood-red rosebuds had been twisted. Gauzy draperies fell in classic folds about her stately figure. Her bare arms were raised above her head as she attempted to pin back a refractory curl, when the maid of the house rapped to announce that a gentleman wished to see Miss Ward in the parlor.

Rushing into the reception room with unusual but, under the circumstances, pardonable haste, Edith almost fell into the arms of the astonished President of Michigan University.

The gray-haired gentleman with kindly face and chivalrous manner failed for a moment to recognize this beautiful vision. A paternal smile hovered about his lips as he said in return to Edith's profuse apologies, "You will excuse this inopportune call, Miss Ward; but I have a communication here which may possibly interest you. I hold in my hand a call for a teacher of mathematics; the salary is \$1,500 the first year. Would you go to

Vassar as instructor in mathematics, if I could succeed in placing you there?"

For a moment the room swam before Edith's vision. Then she recovered herself and remarked with her usual calm: "Vassar? Yes, I would like it, but am I fitted for it? Can I secure it? Could you, in all honesty, recommend me?"

The President smiled. "My child, have you ever heard it intimated that I would recommend my students to positions for which they were unqualified?"

Edith dropped her head and blushed at the gentle rebuke. "O, President Angell, no! Never in my association with the school have I heard aught but good of its noble President!"

The Commencement Ball was over, and with it closed Edith's University life in Michigan. Her trunk was on the platform; and at the station a throng of students were bidding her adieu. These had been years of hard work; years of vigorous mental application; but at last they were over and her ambition was about to be realized.

The whistle blew; the window of her car slipped away and her school life was ended. Edith Ward had accomplished all that she had hoped. She carried in her trunk her certificate of graduation and an appointment to a position in one of the oldest colleges for women in the Union.

VII.

Edith lay back in her seat as the cars steamed along and her life came up before her in panoramic view—her home and parents;—she even felt the soft kiss her mother had placed upon her lips; the luxury and comforts which that home afforded her; her western life in the beautiful valley of the Lime, 'the Egypt of America,' as she was wont to call it; the drive with her tramp, the warm, strong pressure of his rough hand as he gripped her white fingers in farewell.

She moved uneasily in her seat, sighed and recovered her erect posture. A commercial traveler who had been twisting his dainty moustache and casting surrep-



tious glances in her direction wondered what was written on the single sheet of paper she so nervously took from her bag and read with such evident pain. It read:

CASER, Montana, January 1, 18—. Miss WARD—I wish you a Happy New Year! Kadesh-Barnea seems fated to be my burial place. I still tarry and slave—what for, I do not know. God knows there is nothing in life for me—but I work and save. Perhaps, when I am dead, you can count my days of agony by the clink of the dollars I am hoarding for you to use in relief of homeless wretches like me. God bless you! Good night. R. O.

A tear stole down the white face of the woman. She raised a jeweled hand and, propping her rounded chin upon its palm, fell into a deep reverie.

An hour passed; a second time she resorted to her traveling bag and a second letter was taken from its depths, less worn and blotted with tears, perhaps, than was the first.

With aching heart and high-strung nerves Edith Ward read the last letter she had received from the vagrant of Caser Mines.

CASER, Mont., January 1, 18—. Dear Miss Ward:

According to agreement I write. The snow is falling in sheets; through the window of my shack I can see nothing but drifted snow, and as far as eye can reach a canopy of white.

You ask me for news of myself. News,—I have none. Life is to me as mistily, coldly dim as this snow-laden air.

The past I cannot dwell upon and the future I dare not face. My life becomes more unbearable to me every day. My God! Edith, why did you try to save me? I was less miserable wandering in the streets, homeless and hungry, than warm in this miserly hut, haunted by the memory of your warm touch and soul-inspiring words.

Sometimes, when night shuts in upon me and I lie down on my cot, I can hear you calling outside my door; I throw open the window, to hear only the sighing of the pines and the rippling of the swollen rill.

Never ask me to write you again; I cannot; I dare not.

You have awakened my soul, but you have taught me what life might have been had I known you in time—position in the world, an honorable career, a spotless name, home, wife.

I cannot go back to the old life; you have made that impossible; but this loneliness is killing me.

I can write no more. Sometimes I think I shall go mad. Would you pity me then, my queen?

RALPH OVERTON,

Edith dropped the letter into her lap and folded her hands above it.

The porter, as he passed, went in search of a pillow for the white-faced girl who looked so sad.

VIII.

Home and rest at last!

How good it was to lie in a beautiful

house! How soft the Axminster of her room! How aristocratic the air of the cool, palm-filled dining room! What would life be to her if she were obliged to work and save from dawn to dark,—cooking, baking, darning, mending!

She looked out of the window at the wife of the little German baker. How tired the woman must be, carrying that heavy child in her arms! What a burden life was to these wives who struggle from day to day in the rounds of endless housework, preparing homely fare for labor-stained husbands and clamoring little ones!

Just then the baker's wife changed the babe from one arm to the other, and, as she did so, turned a smiling face toward Edith's window. The mother-joy on that face thrilled Edith's heart. She shuddered. Why should the sleeping child bring to her mind Ralph Overton and his lonely hut?

The study and confinement of school life had not agreed with Edith Ward,—so every one said. Her face grew paler day by day and her figure lost much of its rounded symmetry. Friends suggested change of scene, and Edith herself acknowledged the suggestion to be a good one. A breath of mountain air would make her another creature, and in accordance with the advice of their family physician, Edith started for National Park in August, promising to return at the end of the month, in time for the fall opening at Vassar.

When the West-bound train stopped at Livingston, Mont., a tall, slender woman, heavily veiled, stepped upon the platform in nervous haste. She boarded the local train for Angus. She spent most of the time walking up and down the aisle, gazing from the window at the beauty of green hill and height. "Angus!" shouted the conductor, and the train pulled up in front of a low, dingy depot.

The woman hurriedly left the car and, taking a cab, was soon whirled rapidly out of sight of the curious passengers.

It was early morning, and the cab would have nothing more to do till night; this she knew. Raising the window, she said in a stifled voice: "Driver, what will you ask to take me to Caser and make it in an hour?"

"Five dollars, mum; ye see hits a right smart drive eout thar an' my 'orses haint used ter these yere mounting drives; I do mostly town work."

"Very well," answered she, curtly, "I will give it to you."

Oh, that drive! To the woman's acute feelings it seemed interminable; but at last Caser was reached.

"Wait here; I will return in an hour," she said, and walked with hasty step toward the office of Mr. Jack, foreman of the Caser Coal Mine.

Blinded by the dusk in contrast with the white glare without, she failed for a moment to recognize the man who opened the door in response to her timid knock.

"Is this the foreman of Caser Mine?" she asked.

"Yes, Madam. Can I do anything for you?" asked a well-remembered voice.

The cool-headed foreman of Caser Mine with alarm beheld the woman before him totter and fall headlong at his feet. Kneeling by her side he quickly loosened the hat and veil and the pallid face of Edith Ward was turned up to the light before the startled gaze of Ralph Overton.

Edith, here alone, in his office? it was a dream!

Ah, now he knew he was mad! His dread of insanity had been realized and at last the strain was ended! The cords of reason were snapped! Mad! And there she lay! Better be mad and at times endure the tortures of the damned, with this soul-satisfying fancy, than be alone, always alone; alone in his office in the midst of a herd of worse than dumb brutes; alone in his cabin surrounded by the voiceless pines;—a bit of tense humanity buried in a rock-bound forest!

He touched her cheek with his trembling hand; he clasped her inanimate

form in his strong arms, he kissed the bloodless lips.

Slowly the light of reason returned. He knew he was sane; he knew this was no phantom, but a living, heart-throbbing entity. Holding her in his arms, he began to rub her icy hands, all the while calling her by endearing names; hitherto only whispered in moments of frenzy alone in his shack. "Edith, dear, are you alive? Is this really you? Have you dropped from the skies in answer to my prayers? Waken and tell me all?"

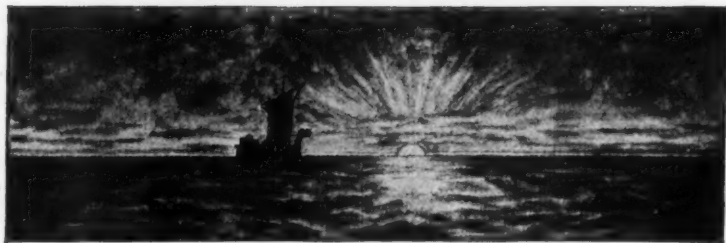
Slowly her dark eyes opened. Slowly her white arm stole up around his neck and softly the queenly head nestled against the rough wool of his miner's garb.

Spanning the chasm between class and mass, Dear Love stood the Colossus of Life. Ambition and Love had held a mighty combat but the field recorded victories for Love alone. In heart-ache and tears was the battle fought. For two years she had struggled against herself, and then, without a sigh, without a backward glance, she went with open arms back to the hermit of the mines. Society! what was it to her? Aristocracy! what did she care for it? It was *Ralph* she wanted.

The nine days' wonder died away in Aurora circles but it was years before Mr. and Mrs. Ward recovered from the blow which Edith, by her "*mésalliance*" had dealt them. In their eyes she had disgraced them.

Meanwhile Ralph Overton and his queenly bride labored and saved; by abstinence and economy succeeded in making a comfortable, modest home.

When Edith Overton took from her mother's arms her own helpless little one; when she felt its baby fingers curl round hers and knew for the first time the holy obligations of motherhood, then she realized as never before that woman's ambition is not to be compared with woman's love; then she knew that for the wealth of the world she would not lose the manly devotion of the Vagrant of Caser Mine.



SONG.*

*W*HAT are the things that a poet shall know?
He shall know how the white clouds gather and go
'Cross drowsy vales where the far hills grow,
In the mystic morning's early glow.

He shall know of the salt waves' ebb and flow,
Of the sun's first smile and the moon hung low
In the sweet wide West, that his soul loves so;
And shall he not know
The yearning song that the forest sings
Over its hidden nests and wings?

What are the things that a poet shall know?
He shall gather the flowers of thought that blow
Where Pain's gray wings dim shadows throw,
Or the angels of Joy their bright seeds sow.

He shall measure the pent heart's overflow,
And the strain of the soul swinging to and fro
In the surge of sorrow's undertow;
And then shall he know
Of the Love that burns through the damps of death,
And that sings of Life with its latest breath!

Elizabeth Hutchings Smith

*Awarded the Original Poem prize in the July 1st Competition.

THE YUKON VALLEY GOLD FIELDS.

THE STORY OF THEIR DEVELOPMENT BY AMERICAN ENTERPRISE—PRESENT CONDITIONS AND PROSPECTS IN THE UPPER YUKON VALLEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

"YOU should have seen father and Captain Healy cry like babies when their steamer, the P. B. Weare, was first launched in the Yukon in '92," said Mr. W. W. Weare, son of P. B. Weare, a few months ago, in the course of a conversation on Alaska, while visiting with relatives in Des Moines. The elder Weare subsequently denied his son's allegation, but was forced to admit that he and the Captain might possibly have been a trifle

overcome with emotion on that occasion! And well they might have been, for in the launching of that little boat on a comparatively unknown river, for two thousand mile trips from somewhere to nowhere and return, these pioneers saw the beginning of the end—the development of the Yukon Valley gold fields, the richness and extent of which they could only guess, the existence of which, however, they had carefully and satisfactorily tested. It is a long story, but it shall be

told in few words,—a story of enterprise begun five years ago this spring, unintermittingly continued till the present time in spite of obstacles that seemed mountain high, and ending in a degree of success scarcely dreamt of in their philosophy.

Way back in the late sixties John Healy and Portus Weare were friends and fellow cowboys and fur-traders at Fort Benton and thereabouts, far up the Missouri river. Later, the two separated, Healy seeking new fields for adventure and Weare engaging in business in Chicago, establishing the afterwards well-known grain and provision house of P. B. Weare & Company. "Johnny" Healy was next heard of as Captain Healy,—and it came about in this way. He had pushed on into that unknown region once



CAPT. JOHN J. HEALY.

The pioneer gold-finder of the Upper Yukon Valley.—The mascot of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.



PORTUS B. WEARE,

Pioneer Investor in the Yukon Valley's future—Present Chairman, Executive Committee,
North American Transportation and Trading Company.

called Russian America, and at the mouth of the Chilkat Inlet had built a "store" which bears his name. There he entered upon a moderately prosperous career as trader with the Indians.

But Fate "had it in for him." One day in December, six years ago, three Indians came to Healy to buy provisions, offering pay in a well-filled bag of gold

dust. The Captain, with enforced calmness, inquired the source from which they had obtained the gold. The Indians then told him the story of one Tom Williams, a trapper, who had died on the long overland journey from the headwaters of the Yukon river, leaving behind him the treasure for which he had vainly risked everything. Prior to his death he



WILLIAM W. WEARE.

Who accompanied his father to St. Michael's Island in 1892, and helped build the first steamer on the Yukon River — Now Second Vice-President of the North American Transportation and Trading Company, Chicago.

had told the friendly Indians of his find, describing the locality so much in detail that the trader felt sure he could identify the region. He could at least make known the interesting discovery to those who, with capital, enterprise and business experience, would aid him in opening up to the world a new gold field. It has been said that Williams lost in the snow certain dispatches that, afterwards found, fully verified the dying man's tale. Another story is that Williams lived to tell Healy the tale. But we have it on good authority that the story as we have told it is correct.

A year later the Alaska trader and his old friend, the Chicago merchant, met in the office of P. B. Weare & Company. The trader told the Williams story to a keenly attentive listener; and when Captain Healy produced his bag of gold dust as an object lesson to strengthen the impression he had made, Mr. Weare smilingly said, "The Indian isn't all out of

me yet, Johnny," — referring to their Fort Benton experiences among the Indians in the sixties. Then followed a running fire of questions and answers, the result of which was the formation of a company for the invasion of the upper Yukon by river steamer, and an ocean steamer connection with Seattle, Washington, and at least a profitable division of the prospectively rich provision and carrying trade of the interior with the old Canadian corporation, the Alaska

Commercial Company. The two former "pardners," now once more "with but a single thought," went to their friends, the Cudahys, and a few other men of means and enterprise, and unfolded their scheme. The result was the formation of the now famous North American Transportation and Trading Company, of which Mr. Weare was the first president and Captain Healy the first vice-president.

These two men of action wasted no time getting ready to act. They started at once for Seattle, where they chartered a schooner-rigged steamer, loaded it with supplies and with all the material for the building of a river steamer on the Yukon. They sailed on the 12th of July, 1892. Encountering storms on the way, they did not reach St. Michael's island, at the mouth of the Yukon, until the 11th of August. Their purpose made known, the influences at St. Michael's proved so hostile that had the pioneers been men of ordinary nerve they would have turned

their backs upon destiny and, instead of being among the principal actors in this new Monte Cristo drama, they would doubtless have lived to see their Canadian rivals sole masters of a most interesting situation. But American enterprise was not so easily daunted. These men went to St. Michael's island to build a boat for the ascent of the Yukon, eighteen hundred or two thousand miles to the then unknown, or little known, source of this gold supply, there to plant trading posts and watch and wait for the inevitable on-rush of the gold hunters.

They established themselves at a favor-

able point on the island and gave their camp the characteristic name, Fort Getthere. They were thirty days unloading and hauling their stores and building material, by means of rafts and with the help of Eskimos,—for a number of their men had been hired away from them. Work on the new boat began in earnest, and after many embarrassments and obstacles had in turn been overcome, the boat was finally completed. At midnight, on the 17th of September, five years ago, the twilight of an Alaskan autumn day, the little steamer, the *Portus B. Weare*, was launched—the first steamer to penetrate



MICHAEL CUDAHY, OF CHICAGO,

Pioneer investor in the Upper Yukon Region—After whom Fort Cudahy was named—Now a director of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.



ST. MICHAEL'S ISLAND, AT THE MOUTH OF THE YUKON RIVER.

the headwaters of the Yukon,—and the first to bring down the river the news of the rich find of gold in the Klondike valley—with much more than a million dollars on board to corroborate the startling story.

As the two men watched the launching of their long-deferred hope on these unknown waters, is it any wonder their eyes were suffused with tears? Barring the grand passion of love, there is no emotion of the human heart so soul-lifting as the godlike consciousness of power to do, which comes on such an occasion when the seemingly impossible has become an accomplished fact.

Mr. Weare and his son William, the latter now second vice-president of the company, returned to Chicago, and John J. (now Captain) Healy started at once on the new boat for the upper Yukon.

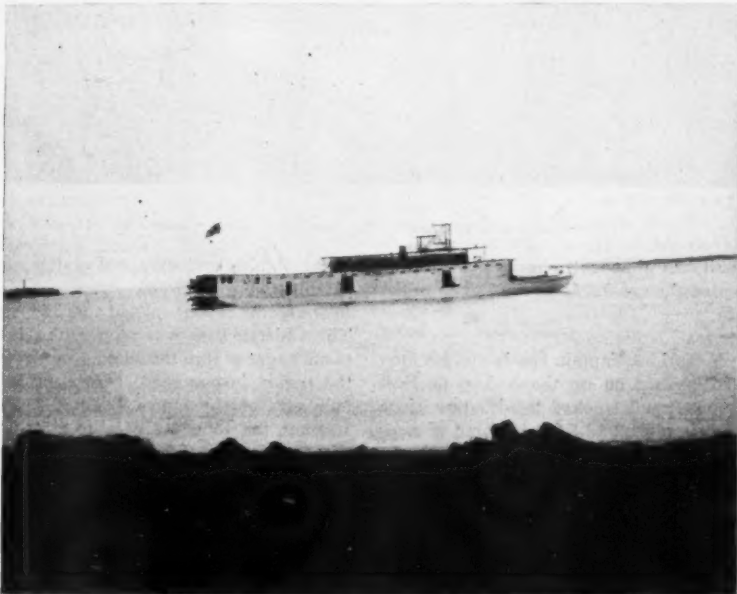
The Captain's argonautic venture soon received a sudden check. When some 800 miles on the way up the river the ice im-

peded their progress and they were compelled to go into winter quarters at a point which the Captain named Hamilton's landing, in honor of a young man who accompanied him and was daily proving himself invaluable, namely, Mr. Charles H. Hamilton, present secretary of the company. Nothing remained but to settle down for the long winter. But it was deemed necessary to inform the Chicago capitalists behind the venture that the steamer had not yet reached its destination. The plucky young Hamilton volunteered to make an overland trip to Juneau, about 1,800 miles distant. Starting out on snowshoes, accompanied only by natives and dogs, he went up the Yukon on the ice till he reached the Tanana river, the largest of the Yukon's many branches. Following this river almost parallel with the Yukon for more than 800 miles, he crossed to the headwaters of Forty Mile creek. This stream he followed to its mouth, where he found

himself once more on the Yukon. Here he established Fort Cudahy, at present the principal trading post of the American company, as Forty Mile, across the creek, is now the principal post of its rivals, the Canadian company. But the hardest half of Hamilton's long journey yet remained. He followed the Yukon to the present site of Dawson City, at the mouth of the now famous Klondike. After untold hardships and many hazards this intrepid young man finally found and braved the Chilkat Pass; and thence, with the help of natives he was conveyed in a canoe from Healy's store at the southern entrance of the pass, to Juneau, and there secured passage to Seattle. Reaching Seattle the 11th of April, he proceeded to Chicago. Undaunted and unwearied he soon started from Chicago for the Yukon with a fresh stock of goods and provisions.

We cannot refrain from giving to the

world a choice bit of romance in connection with this daring overland trip. There was a charming young woman in Minneapolis to whom young Hamilton had told his love. But he had been bidden to wait—to first prove himself the man she thought him to be. Acting on that suggestion, he sought and found his opportunity in the Healy-Weare enterprise. When his chief suggested the necessity of a cross-country journey to Juneau, he was somewhat surprised to find young Hamilton ready and eager to make it. The sequel at least partially explained his eagerness. It is now become an open secret among his friends that after delivering his messages to the Weares in Chicago, he hastened to the young lady and told her he had come all the way from the edge of the Arctic circle, braving the danger of freezing and starvation, simply to tell her that he couldn't live any longer without her and wasn't going



THE FORTUS B. WEARE.

Starting out from St. Michael's Island on its first trip up the Yukon.

to try! The sequel was that the next boat sent up the Yukon, in the spring, bore Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton. The secretary of the North American Transportation and Trading Company "ain't sayin' a word" about his achievement, but his friends know he likes to trace not only his double promotion, to matrimony and the secretaryship, and all his after pros-

yielded "from four to fifty dollars a day to a man." With the opening of Birch creek, Circle City was founded. This is now one of the company's stations, on American soil. Many of the Birch creek claims are now running from one to two hundred dollars a day. The season of 1894 closed with a large increase in the mining population and a large increase



FORT CUDAHY.

Warehouses of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.

perity to that extra-hazardous journey across the country from the Yukon to the sea.

Meantime, Captain Healy and his men had pushed on up the Yukon to Fort Cudahy, and stocked it with provisions and supplies; and a few hundred pioneer miners had found their way through the Chilkat Pass, and were taking out gold in paying quantities. Interest in the new gold fields of the Yukon continued to grow and adventurers reached out in every direction, the Klondike region included. The captain employed expert prospectors who found that most of the many streams emptying into the Yukon

in the number and extent of claims successfully worked.

The spring of 1895 opened auspiciously. The Chilkat Pass was alive with argonauts eager to test the claims made for the region just opened. The company, now sure of the future, built a second steamer, the John J. Healy, to alternate with the Portus B. Weare in traversing the Yukon. The close of the season for 1895 showed an output of gold amounting to about a million dollars. This was chiefly from the Birch Creek and Forty Mile placers, nearly all on the American side of the line.

The year 1896 was one of increasing growth and development for the new gold

fields. The results of the placer mining were reasonably and in numerous instances, surprisingly profitable. That permanent investment in the Yukon gold fields was at least safe was no longer a question, and many indulged in bright hopes which found full realization.

But it was not till late in the fall that the rich leads in the Klondike river region were laid open. Prospectors who applied to the company for grubstakes brought reports of almost fabulous leads on the branches of the Klondike. Mr. Ely E. Weare, a younger brother of P. B. Weare, now president of the company whose career we have been following, alert to the importance of the finds, at once sent experts to verify the reports. The men sent to spy out the land amply verified the first accounts. The wildest day-dreams of the pioneer investors in Yukon values were soon to be more than realized. But winter had come and with it came suspension of activities except as the burning process enabled the more enterprising to throw up the dirt for future panning.

Early in May of the present year the valley of the Klondike was thronged with eager gold-hunters, and few returned disappointed. Miners who had left claims in the Forty Mile and Birch Creek districts worth from fifty to two hundred dollars a day, now found themselves accumulating anywhere from a hundred to two thousand dollars a day.

Is it any wonder the mining camps went wild? Is it surprising that the on-looking world is eagerly waiting the inevitable on-rush of 1898 and questioning only as to the extent and richness of the field?

When the fabulous richness of Eldorado creek in the Klondike region became a certainty, the necessity of anticipating the rush of the gold-hunters became apparent to President Ely E. Weare, himself in charge of the post at Fort Cudahy. With him at the time was his brother-in-law, Mr. Eli A. Gage, present auditor of the company.

The young man proved equal to the emergency. Early in February he started across country for Juneau, accompanied by Indian guides and with well-loaded sleds drawn by Eskimo dogs. The extreme cold, the death of one or more of his dogs, the treachery of one of his guides and the perils of the Chilkat Pass in midwinter together

rendered the journey one of great peril. But he made it, and late in February he sailed from Juneau, the bearer of dispatches from President Weare to the chairman of the company's executive committee, P. B. Weare, reporting the startling and gratifying facts of recent discovery and urging speedy and herculean efforts to anticipate the "glorious summer" just ahead.

The Chicago contingent, the Weares, P. B. and Charles A.—the latter the treas-



ELY E. WEARE, FT. CUDAHY,
President North American Transportation and Trading
Company.

urer of the company,—also W. W. Weare, son of P. B., and the Cudahy brothers, Michael and John, needed no urging. Once assured of the enormous size of the emergency, they proceeded to meet it. Two steamers were chartered to ply between Seattle and the mouth of the Yukon; a third steamer, the Charles H. Ham-

output of gold from the Yukon valley was at least five million dollars and this season's will be at least double that amount. The company's Chicago officers, prepared as they had been, were at first well nigh overwhelmed with the magnitude of their responsibilities and opportunities, but long accustomed to large operations, and

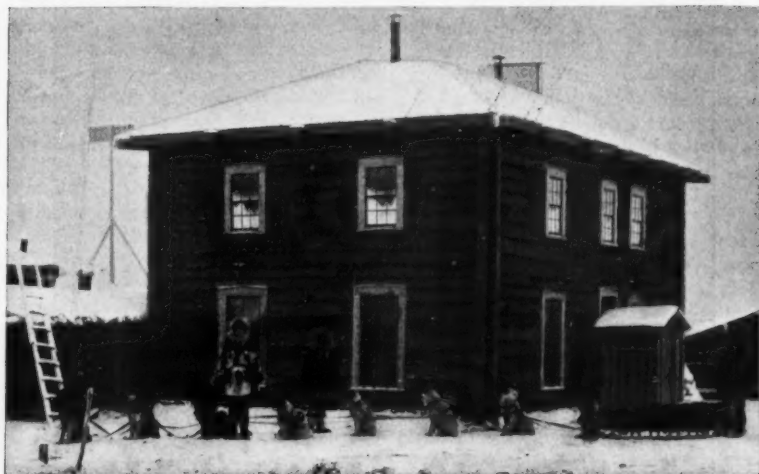


ELI A. GAGE, FORT CUDAHY.

Auditor of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.

ilton, was built for river use, and a contract was let for another ocean steamer. Provisions and miners' supplies were shipped as fast as storage room on their own and rented steamers could be found. That these extraordinary preparations were wisely made, is perhaps most forcibly shown by the latest advices from President Weare, namely, that last season's

familiar with every detail of the extensive enterprise inaugurated by them, their business has already resumed the normal order and system maintained before that day of days, the 14th of July, when the Excelsior landed at Seattle a boat-load of poor men made rich by the find of gold in the Yukon valley. The company now has well-stocked trading posts at Fort Get



ELI A. GAGE STARTING OUT ON HIS OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM
FORT CUDAHY TO JUNEAU.

There, Hamilton's Landing, Weare, Circle City, Fort Cudahy and Dawson; but its officers are taking every occasion to protest against the mad rush to the Yukon Valley this fall, and express themselves as highly gratified at the note of warning recently sounded by the Secretary of the Interior.

The story of the big find on Eldorado creek, though oft related and now common property, is sufficiently interesting to bear repetition. The Klondike is a narrow, rapid-flowing river about 200 miles long, flowing northerly or northwesterly into the Yukon about eighty miles east of the boundary line separating the Dominion of Canada on the east from Alaska on the west. Into this stream flow in a northwesterly direction the Bonanza, Bear and Hunker creeks. Into the Bonanza flow Adams and Eldorado creeks from the southeast. Fourteen miles from the Yukon and twelve miles up Bonanza creek a "squaw-man," George Carmack, and his two Indian brothers-in-law discovered gold in August, last year. At first disposed to keep their find a secret,

their necessities—for though rich in gold they were without food—finally drove them to the Dawson City base of supplies, where their discovery became known. A stampede soon followed, and Circle City, Fort Cudahy and Forty Mile were soon almost deserted. Old miners said the creek was too wide for gold, the bed of the creek wasn't of the right consistency, etc., and some of the most experienced returned empty-handed. But the mountain-moving faith of ignorance and the finds reported kept up the interest; and it was not many weeks before the stayers were all more or less liberally rewarded. Winter came on, but the plucky miners continued to mine. In December pay dirt was found in what is now known as No. 14, Eldorado. Almost equally rich pay dirt was found on numerous other claims. But still there was a prevalent doubt about there being anything more than "skim diggings." Owners of claims which afterwards proved mines of wealth sold for a few hundred or a few thousand dollars. Burning and drifting went on without especial interest beyond the finding of a rich nugget



CHARLES WEARE,

Treasurer of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.

now and then. Men toiled and slept through the long winter little dreaming that the dirt about them contained millions of gold.

Spring came and the hot sun poured into the valleys, melting the snow and ice and preparing the conditions for the intensely exciting events which were to fol-

low. It was late when the sluicing began; but once begun, the work was prosecuted with an intensity which belongs to a region that has no night in summer and to a class that know no fatigue when spurred to exertion by the allurements of gold. The laborers were few, but the harvest was great. Out of Eldorado alone was

taken by the middle of June over a million and a half of gold. From two adjoining claims \$112,000 was taken. Another claim yielded \$150,000. Not a few men working on shares made from five to ten thousand dollars. All this within two months' time.

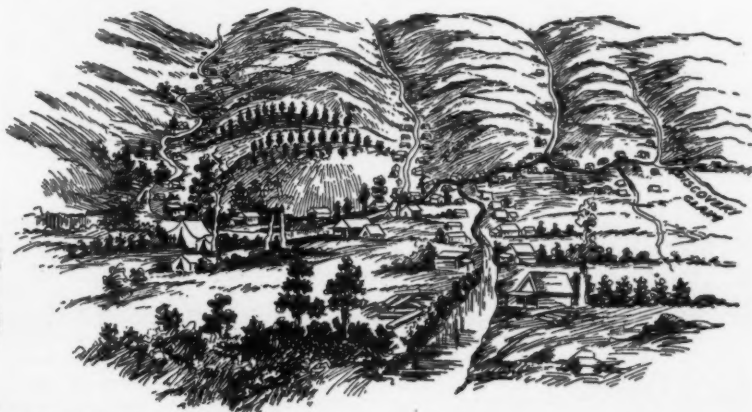
Claims on the Bonanza and other branches of the Klondyke, and on other streams emptying their treasures of gold into the Yukon, claims that were paying anywhere from five to two hundred dollars a pan, were unsatisfying to the all-grasping argonauts, so long as claims on the Eldorado were panning out a thousand dollars and more. In many instances claims were sold for a few thousand dollars, which sums they readily yielded during the first thirty days' work on them. Eldorado claims were bought at relatively enormous prices, only to develop the certainty that they were worth millions more. The stories told of individual good fortune are numerous and conflicting; but enough has long been known to satisfy the most skeptical that the romance of the gold-hunters of '49 has been, and is to be, repeated in the valley of the Yukon. There is no longer any question in the minds of those who know most about and are most interested in the development

of the new gold fields that there is an abundance of placer gold in all the streams which flow into the headwaters of the Yukon, and that the era of successful placer gold mining, but just begun in that region, will be followed by one of quartz mining, the profit and extent of which is likely to surpass all previous records.

II.

The Alaska question is as yet, to most who have it under consideration, purely an individual one. So long as placer mining remains profitable it will continue to appeal to the individual. The era of corporations will follow in good time. The quartz-crusher has already found its way to the mouth of the Klondike, and in the early summer hundreds more will follow. Captain Healy had established a quartz mill at Dawson City before the discoveries of last winter and spring were made. But the pan, the rocker, and the sluice are still, and for a long time will be, the emblems of the Yukon valley mining camp.

It is well for many, if not most, of those who have the subject under consideration, that the Arctic winter tables the question for at least six months, thus giving those who are wrestling with it ample



From a pen drawing.

BONANZA CREEK,

A branch of the Klondyke, where Clarence Berry staked his now famous Claim 40.



CAMP LIFE IN SUMMER IN THE UPPER YUKON VALLEY.

time for reflection, study and preparation. Had the Yukon valley been even as accessible as is the Cripple Creek region, thousands would have recklessly rushed to

the gold fields ill-equipped and in no-wise prepared for the hardships of a miner's life, and the consequence would have been to them, and to their depend-



FORTY-MILE, FROM ACROSS FORTY-MILE CREEK, IN THE UPPER YUKON VALLEY.

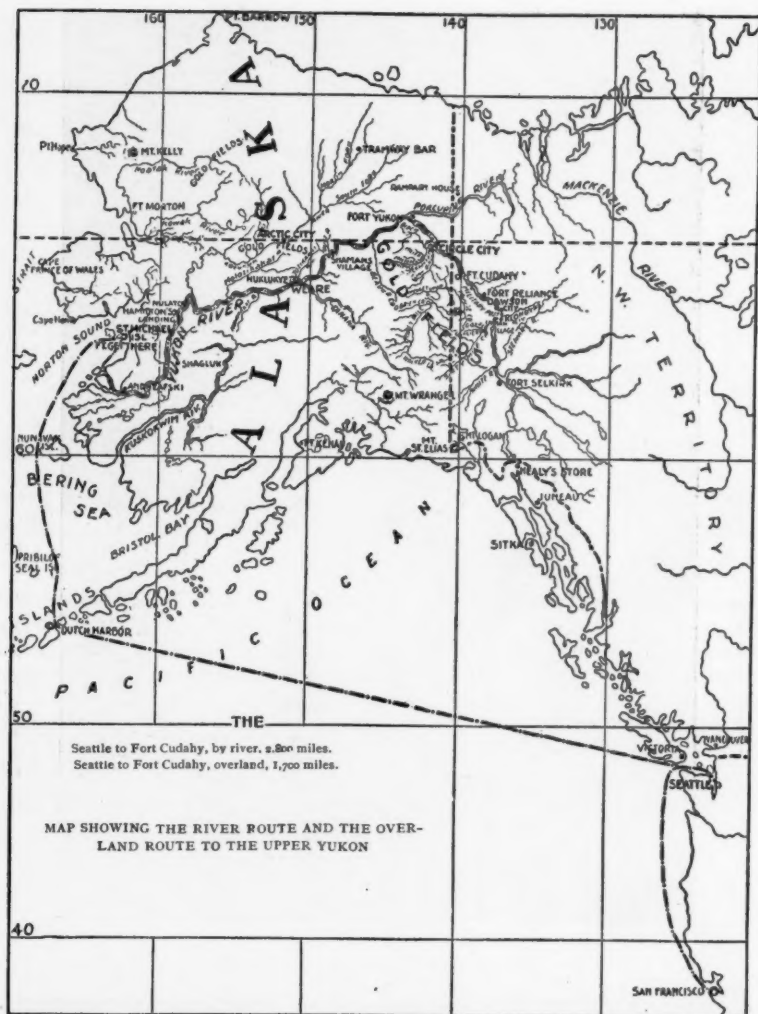


MRS. SOPHIE WEARE GAGE,

Who will join her husband in Alaska this fall, going by way of the perilous Chilkat Pass.

ent families, disappointment and ruinous disaster. But with a fall and winter for reflection, along with the regular round of duties and cares at home, by next spring the Alaska fever will have abated in some measure at least, and in like measure will have come to each one thus affected deliberate judgment as to what is best. They who then, with calm deliberation, and advisedly, conclude to try their

fortunes in this new and promising field, by that time will have reduced the inevitable hazards of the venture to the minimum, and will have raised to the maximum their so-called "chances" of success. The purpose of the editor in this general and introductory article on the Yukon Valley Gold Fields is to help prepare interested readers for such thoughtful after consideration of the Alas-



ka question as the importance of that question demands. Resisting the strong temptation to present only the romantic and marvelous side of the question, having no other motive than to truthfully place before the public the actual facts—in themselves so romantic and dramatic as to put upon the conscientious writer a

perpetual injunction to caution,—the purpose of the remaining portion of this paper will be to answer as far as possible inquiries which men everywhere are making relative to the gold fields, leaving such able and forceful writers as Mr. Forrest Crissey and Mrs. Frederick Schwatka (widow of the famous explorer of the Yu-

kon valley) to follow up the subject in future numbers of *THE MIDLAND*.

The first question in the mind of every man who loves his wife and children is: "Would a man be warranted in taking his family with him?" Most men have already wisely answered this important question in the negative. The great cost of transportation all the long way by water; the hardships and perils of the

plan to make them comfortable at home and come or send for them later; after you have taken the measure of this new field with its probabilities and certainties, and of your own capability for coping with the new conditions which there obtain. The unprofessional miner had best summer and winter there before he decides to make gold-mining his life-work and the gold fields of the Yukon valley his home.



SIXTY-MILE POST, IN THE UPPER YUKON VALLEY.

overland route from Juneau,—to say nothing of the large expense of the journey thither and beyond; the enormous cost of maintaining a family in a region where nearly all kinds of food are imported thousands of miles; the ever-present possibility that a miner may learn of some new find, irresistibly impelling him to pull up stakes and start for it; "the long and dreary winter," "the cold and cruel winter," during which families in "shacks" must inevitably suffer, all these conditions render it unwise for a pioneer miner headed toward the Yukon valley to think of taking his family with him. Better

There have already been a few, and will in future be many more, exceptions to this rule. Four years ago Mrs. Hamilton followed her husband to that then unknown region, and, with everything possibly obtainable to make them comfortable, they passed the long winter without great hardship, and, as Mrs. Hamilton once remarked to a lady friend, "even came to feel at home in Alaska." But how much of their home-feeling came to them in sorrow after they had buried their hopes with a darling child who there came to bless their young married life, we may not know—but parent-hearts everywhere can feel.

There are other exceptional cases, over which no shadow of grief has fallen. A few years ago Mr. Eli A. Gage, present auditor of the Northwestern Transportation and Trading Company, brought to Des Moines his young bride, Sophia Weare Gage, youngest daughter of the late John Weare, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and youngest sister of the Weares who are now so prominently mentioned in all that relates to Alaska. Though Mr. Gage's father, present Secretary of the Treasury, is a man of wealth, his son came to Des Moines to accept the humble position of bill-clerk in the freight office of the Rock Island Railroad. The two lived for several years in a modest little home in East Des Moines. Later they went to Chicago, where a child was born to them, Lyman J. Gage, Jr. When the certainty of gold in paying quantities became known to the Weares they commissioned Mr. Gage as auditor of the company, and two summers ago he reported for duty to President Weare at Fort Cudahy. Of his perilous journey overland in February last,

mention has elsewhere been made. Returning to Alaska on the first boat in June, Mrs. Gage accompanied him. With abundance of everything that could be shipped to that far country, her stay was in the main a pleasant one, made intensely interesting by golden reports which kept coming from the Klondike region, followed up, as they were, by the dust. She relates that she herself, in her husband's name as by law directed, grubstaked a miner on a claim that when last heard from had panned out over \$35,000. Mrs. Gage went to Alaska expecting to remain for a year and a half, but there was a sharp and long pull upon her heartstrings, and when the Portland started for Seattle with its cargo of gold and load of successful gold-hunters, she took passage for home, that she might see her baby boy, whom she had left in the care of his fond grandmother, Mrs. John Weare. Finding the boy well and thriving, and longing to rejoin her husband, Mrs. Gage soon decided to return to Alaska this fall—and by the Chilkat



A YUKON VALLEY PLACER MINE.

From a photograph taken in Claim No. 3, on Miller Creek, owned by Joseph Beaudree. More than \$200,000 in gold has already been taken from No. 3.

Pass! A perilous journey at best, accompanied as she will be by a brother-in-law, Mr. William H. Hubbard, and others, and supplied with every necessary that money can procure. Her somewhat delicate physique seems ill-fitted for the overland journey, but the blood of an invincible pioneer runs in her veins, and with her to will is to do.

But what does the exceptionally well equipped Mrs. Gage have to say of women's journeying to Alaska? We will let her close the case. Infatuated, as she confesses she is, with frontier life, and glad to find exceptions to the rule which holds her sex back, her reluctant testimony is that "there will be great suffering in the Klondike this winter, from the fact that hundreds of men who had no right to brave the hardships have been carried away with the prospects of getting rich at a single effort. The pay is enormous, but, like the regular avenues of life, the greater the pay the more the risk. It is no place for women who are not used to the frontier." She adds: "People are writing me from everywhere, and there have been so many callers at the house that I am forced to send word that I am not at home. The letters are full of pathetic sincerity, begging hints about clothing and prospects, and I have not the heart to refuse the information. I fear that I tell the worst side, since it is not humane to give the stories of quick fortunes without telling also the possibility of absolute failure. These two certainly go hand in hand in the Klondyke, and I do not want to encourage any woman to brave the torments of the region unless she is fully aware of the punishment she is inflicting upon herself."

"How do you take up a claim?" "How much does a claim mean to a miner?" "What is the cost of filing a claim?" These questions, with many variations, are everywhere heard. In the first rush to the new Klondike fields, there was no law put in force except the hastily digested law of the miners themselves, which all readily understood and thor-

oughly respected. But the Dominion of Canada, now aroused to the importance of the Klondike region, is said to have imposed strict revenue regulations and to have decided to reserve to itself every alternate claim. Just what is to be required of the miner is not yet clearly defined. The present requirement of the Canadian government is: No charge for the land, but the holder must do at least \$100 worth of work on his claim every year for five years. If he elects to do the five years' work in one year, he can obtain his patent on presenting proof. A prospector's fee of \$5 a year has thus far been exacted. By a recent decision of the Dominion government a placer claim has been reduced from 500 to a maximum of 100 feet. The man who locates a claim on either side the line is allowed a year before putting up his location notice for working the first assessment. During the year his right is absolute and may be transferred, the purchaser succeeding to all the rights enjoyed by the discover.

As most of the streams emptying into the Klondike are already staked off, and as the average miner from the States will prefer to stay on his own side of the boundary line,—the 141st meridian,—let us see what a "placer claim" includes, as defined by the supreme court of the United States. Ground within defined boundaries which contains mineral in its earth, sand or gravel; ground that includes valuable deposits not in place, that is, not fixed in rock, but which are in a loose state, and may in most cases be collected by washing or amalgamation without milling. The statutes of the United States provide that no location of such claim upon surveyed lands shall include more than twenty acres for each individual claimant. The court, however, has held that one individual can hold as many locations as he can purchase and rely upon his possessory title; that a separate patent for each location is unnecessary. Locaters must show proof of citizenship or intention to become citizens. This is done by affidavit; and, in the case of a corporation, by the filing of

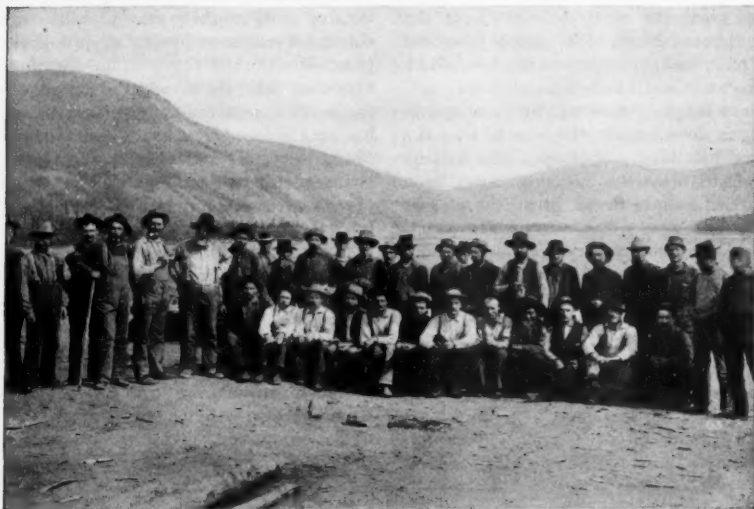
a certified copy of charter or certificate of incorporation. A patent for any land claimed and located may be obtained in the following manner:

Any person, association or corporation authorized to locate a claim, having claimed and located a piece of land, and who has or have complied with the terms of the law, may file in the proper land office an application for a patent under oath, showing such compliance, together with a plat and field notes of the claim or claims in common made by or under the direction of the United States surveyor general, showing accurately the boundaries of the claim or claims, which shall be distinctly marked by monuments on the ground, and shall

the sixty days of publication, the claimant shall file his affidavit showing that the plat and notice have been posted in a conspicuous place on the claim during such period of publication.

If no adverse claim shall have been filed with the registrar of the land office at the expiration of sixty days, the claimant is entitled to a patent on payment of \$2.50 per acre.

This is the law, but the size of a claim is subject to local regulations. The miners themselves, far from being the revolver-



GROUP OF MINERS AT FORTY-NINE, IN THE UPPER YUKON VALLEY.

post a copy of such plat, together with a notice of such application for a patent, in a conspicuous place on the land embraced in such plat, previous to the application for a patent on such plat; and shall file an affidavit of at least two persons that such notice has been duly posted, and shall file a copy of the notice in such land office; and shall thereupon be entitled to a patent to the land in the manner following: The registrar of said land office upon the filing of such application, plat, field notes and affidavits, shall publish a notice that such application has been made, for a period of sixty days, in a newspaper to be by him designated, as published nearest to such claim; and he shall post such notice in his office for the same period. The claimant at the time of filing such application or at any time thereafter, within sixty days of publication, shall file with the registrar a certificate of the United States surveyor general that \$500 worth of labor has been expended or improvements made upon the claim by himself or grantors; that the plat is correct, with such further description by reference to natural objects or permanent monuments as shall identify the claim and furnish an accurate description to be incorporated in the patent. At the expiration of

shooting, quarrelsome creatures pictured in blood-and-thunder novels and plays, are just men, and when they enter upon a new field they agree as to the number of feet one man can work to advantage, and stake it off accordingly. It is a certain number of feet on a creek or river, from bank to bank. On the Eldorado a claim is only fifty feet from rim to rim. When a new creek draws a sufficient number of miners, they organize, elect a register and open a record of claims and transfers,—and woe to the villain who would jump a claim. The testimony of all travelers and returned miners is that nowhere in the world is honesty, with hon-

or, more religiously observed than among the Yukon valley miners.

"How is it done?" "How, for instance, would a new man go at it to actually get the gold he has gone so far to get?" We will turn the answer to this pertinent question over to one who knows, namely, Dr. William H. Dall, a curator of the National Museum, who has been a member of several geological expeditions to Alaska. From his report we gather these interesting facts and conclusions:

The gold-bearing belt of northwestern America contains all the gold fields extending into British Columbia, what is known as the Northwestern Territory and Alaska. The Yukon really runs along in that belt for 500 or 600 miles.

The yellow metal is not found in paying quantities in the main river, but in the small streams which cut through the mountains of either side. These practically wash up the gold. The mud and mineral matter is carried into the main river, while the gold is left on the rough bottoms of these side streams. In most cases the gold lies at the bottom of thick gravel deposits. The gold is covered by frozen gravel in the winter. During the summer, until the snow is all melted, the surface is covered by muddy torrents. When the snows all melted and the springs begin to freeze, the streams dry up. At the approach of winter, in order to get at the gold, the miners find it necessary to dig into the gravel formation. Formerly they stripped the gravel off until they came to the gold. Now they sink a shaft to the bottom of the gravel and tunnel along underneath, in the gold-bearing layer.

The way in which this is done is interesting, as it has to be carried on in cold weather, when everything is frozen. The miners build fires over the area of which they wish to work and keep them lighted over that territory for the space of about twenty-four hours. Then, at the expiration of this period, the gravel will be melted and softened to a depth of perhaps six inches. This is then taken off and other fires built, until the gold-bearing layer is reached. When the shaft is down that far fires are built at the bottom, against the sides of the layer, and tunnels made in this manner. Blasting would do no good, on account of the hard nature of the material, and would blow out just as out of a gun. The matter taken out containing the gold is piled up until spring, when the torrents come down, and is panned and cradled by these. It is certainly very hard labor.

Panning is the simplest and most primitive process. The separating of gold from sand and gravel is manipulated by means of a pan. The gold being heavier than the gravel, is settled in the bottom of the pan. A little practice enables the inexpert to run off the sand and retain most of the gold.

Sluicing is simply a resort to nature's processes by which gold accumulates in the bottom of a stream. It is a process of washing the sand, or gravel, on the bed of a creek. The sluice-boxes are long,

inclined troughs, with cleats at the lower end. The gravel is carried off by the water, and the gold sinks to the bottom of the trough and is retained by the cleats. More or less gold escapes in this process, and where the find is rich it pays to work over the "tailings."

Of the climate little need now be said. After the first surprise, the public has come to know that the short summer of Alaska, extending from about the middle of June to about the middle of September, is part of the time intensely hot, unrelieved by the long nights of the temperate zone; and that the winter with its long night and strangely long twilight, is not as unbearable as was supposed if one is provided against its severity and is content to lead an indoor life.

Under the direction of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau has made public a statement in regard to the climate of Alaska. He says:

The mean winter temperature of Sitka is 32.5 degrees—but little lower than that of Washington, D. C.

The climate of the interior, including in that designation practically all of the country except a narrow fringe of coast margin and the territory before referred to as temperate Alaska, is one of extreme rigor in winter, with a short but relatively hot summer, especially when the sky is free from cloud.

In the Klondyke region in midwinter the sun rises from 9.30 to 10 a. m., and sets from 2 to 3 p. m., the total length of daylight being about four hours. Remembering that the sun rises but a few degrees above the horizon and that it is wholly obscured on a great many days, the character of the winter months may easily be imagined.

The mean temperatures of the months from October, 1889, to April, 1890, both inclusive, are as follows:

October, 33 degrees; November, 8 degrees; December, 11 degrees below zero; January, 17 below zero; February, 15 below zero; March, 6 above; April, 20 above. The daily mean temperature fell and remained below the freezing point (32 degrees) from November 4, 1889, to April 21, 1890, thus giving 168 days as the length of the closed season of 1889-90, assuming that outdoor operations are controlled by temperature only. The lowest temperatures registered during the winter were 32 degrees below zero in November, 47 below in December, 50 below in January, 55 below in February, 45 below in March and 20 below in April. The greatest continuous cold occurred in February, 1890, when the daily mean for five consecutive days was 47 degrees below zero.

Greater cold than that here noted has been experienced in the United States for a very short time, but never has it continued so very cold for so long a time. In the interior of Alaska the winter sets in as early as September, when snowstorms may be expected in the mountains and passes. Headway during one of those storms is impossible, and the traveler who is overtaken by one of



A CIRCLE CITY VIEW.

Arrival of supplies from one of the boats of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.

them is fortunate if he escapes with his life. Snowstorms of great severity may occur in any month from September to May, inclusive.

The changes of temperature from winter to summer are rapid, owing to the great increase in the length of the day. In May the sun rises at about 3 a. m. and sets at about 9 p. m. In June it rises at 1.30 o'clock in the morning and sets at about 10.30 o'clock, giving about twenty hours of daylight and diffuse twilight the remainder of the time. The mean summer temperature in the interior doubtless ranges between 60 and 70 degrees, according to elevation, being highest in the middle and lower Yukon valleys.

"How is a man with no money going to get there?" Addressing ourselves to honest men only, we can but answer, we don't know, unless the man borrows money of some neighbor who has it, and that way of raising funds is beset with difficulties for the man who hasn't security to put up. If his reputation for honesty, industry and good judgment is unquestioned, he may find some one or more of his neighbors who will "grub-stake" him—supply him with money under contract to share with him in the profits of his claim and his work.

Whichever way a man takes, across country or by the waterway, he will need considerable money if he purposes to prospect and mine on his own account.

The general judgment of the well-informed is that a man who goes intending to stay and prospect and mine for himself should take with him at least \$600,—some say \$1,000. A man who goes prepared to work by the day can get there for \$150. By springtime, possibly, this estimate might be reduced to \$100. As to what one's outfit should be, the newspapers are full of the subject, and the many guides issued, and yet to be issued, will be found to contain all the detailed information necessary,—and more, too!

By spring the important outfit problem will have been worked out so thoroughly and the competition will have become so brisk, that the emigrant had best leave that an open question till the last. So also with the cost of getting there. New and shorter and less expensive ways may be found. Old ways will surely have become more accessible and speedier. To some extent there is security in numbers, and there is no question but that the several passes across country will in the spring and early summer be thronged with gold-seekers; and,

since all will go provided with the necessities of life, none will starve and few will perish. There should be, and doubtless will be, at least a vigorously enforced moral law prohibiting any person, male or female, from trying any one of the passes, who is not reasonably well and strong and adequately equipped for the journey. The lives of the rest should not be jeopardized by the care of those who have not the strength and those who have not made reasonable provision for the arduous and perilous overland journey.

III.

Fast following the miners will go the speculators, the tradesmen, the mechanics, the middle-men of every sort and—alas! the saloon-keepers, the gamblers and the harlots. The charming simplicity of life on the Yukon, as depicted by Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Lilly, Mrs. Phiscator, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Gage, must inevitably give place to the complicated life of embryo cities, with the increased pressure which obtains wherever the circulating medium is plentiful.

It is gratifying to learn that scientific

agriculturalists are already on the ground, under instructions from the Secretary of Agriculture, studying conditions with a view to stimulating production from the soil and thus cheapening the cost of living. Rival transportation and provisioning companies are forming and the two companies already on the ground are quadrupling, yes sextupling, their facilities for meeting the demand for food, clothing, miners' supplies, etc., thus making it possible,—if not inevitable,—that the cost of living will measurably decrease and in like measure the comforts of living be increased.

Most, if not all, who were at first inclined to be skeptical, or at least conservative, as to the existence of gold in enormous quantities in the streams emptying into the upper Yukon, are by this time convinced—surely will be before this number of the MIDLAND MONTHLY shall have reached its readers*—that the upper

*An allusion to the expected arrival of the Portland at Seattle on or about the 26th of August, concerning which Mr. P. B. Wearie in a letter to the editor on the 7th of August said: "Everything is moving all right, and I hope the news which will come out on the 26th of this month by our next steamer will more than confirm that brought out by our first one."—[ED.]



MINER CAUGHT IN THE ICE, IN THE UPPER YUKON.

Yukon valley is on the eve of a period of material development which in richness and extent has never been equalled. This new development but just begun will mean gold and starvation for not a few who lead the way up the creeks and through the forests. To others, worse still, it will mean not alone gold, but also bodies diseased through privation or undue exposure, or maimed by accident. To still others, its purchase-price will be sorrows from which there is no surcease. Infinitely worse, it will mean the ruin of many through indulgence. Still farther in the background of the picture are the shadowy forms of those who stake all for gold and miserably lose; those who fail through incompetency, or unforeseeable misfortunes, or miscalculation of strength; those also who miserably fail through inability to keep, or rightly invest, the gold that comes to their hands. Alluring as is the foreground of the picture, one seriously considering the Alaska question

cannot afford to ignore the tragic background here but dimly outlined.

Speaking in general terms, this new development in Alaska is full of significance to our people. It means a new and fast growing market for the products of our fields and factories. It means a new and healthful impulse soon to be felt in trade and commerce. It means more money in general circulation. It means enormous wealth for some, large fortunes for many, a competency for very many, and plenty of work at good wages—both in Alaska and at home—for millions who during the past four years have vainly sought for work. Though not an unmixed blessing, yet, viewed in all its bearings and studied with all its possibilities, present and remote, one cannot but see in this new world opening up beyond the mountains of Alaska a material blessing, the extent of which cannot now be measured, or even estimated.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

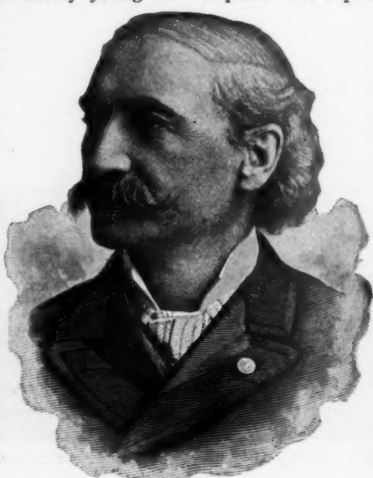
THE GRAND ARMY AND ITS COMMANDERS.*

Thirty-one years ago last April, a few veterans, then comparatively young in years, assembled in the city of Decatur, Ill., under the inspiration of Major B. F. Stephenson, for the purpose of organizing Post Number I of the Grand Army of the Republic. On the 23d day of August, 1897, the Grand Army that had its birth thirty-one years

*The editor is under obligations to Mr. O. W. Kuggles, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Michigan Central Railway, for the loan of the portraits accompanying this review. They are from the artistically beautiful little book issued by Mr. Kuggles for complimentary distribution, entitled "G. A. R., Buffalo, 1897."

ago assembled in National Encampment in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. Thousands of posts were represented at the encamp-

ment, and in the assemblages at the meeting place were hundreds of the foremost citizens of the republic. The city of Buffalo outdid its own proud record as an entertainer in honoring the assembled veterans, and the whole country watched its deliberations and the spectacular features of the occasion with a personal interest,—an interest born of a sense of gratitude which had its beginning in the "times that tried



T. S. CLARKSON.

men's souls," when the very life of the Nation would have gone out but for the heroic youth and young manhood of the North and of the border states. The Grand Army has met in national encampment every year since 1866, and in this time has called to the post of highest honor some of the bravest and best men that ever led soldiers to battle or followed where a soldier's duty led. Following the pioneer Commander, Major Stephen-



B. F. STEPHENSON.



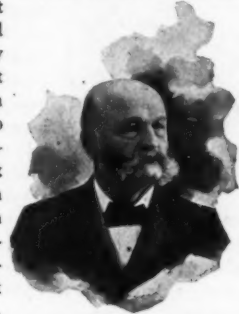
S. A. HURLBUT.

son, came Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, of Illinois, a man of great bravery and large experience in public life, but wanting in either time or ability to do the organizing work expected of him. He was succeeded by Gen. John A. Logan, a man who so well filled every position in which he was placed that it was always hard to find a satisfactory successor. General Logan served three terms. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, of Rhode Island, succeeded him, serving two terms and declining to let his friends present him for a third. Gen. Charles Devens, of Massachusetts, his successor, was not as well known to the country as a soldier as he was for service rendered as



JOHN A. LOGAN.

Attorney-General under President Hayes. After two terms he was succeeded by Gen. J. F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, hero of the dashing charge across the stone bridge at Antietam, and honored by General Grant in having been assigned to lead the storming party at the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg. For retaking Fort Steadman, without waiting for orders, he was brevetted major-general and highly complimented by Grant and Lincoln. In civil life he had



GEORGE S. MERRILL.



CHARLES DEVENS.

ably filled the office of governor of his state. He, too, was re-elected Commander. Then came the two terms of Gen. John C. Robinson, of New York, whose gallant services at Gettysburg and Spotsylvania and on a dozen other hard-fought fields gave him high favor with his chief and great popularity in the Grand Army. It was in one of the battles of the Wilderness that he lost a leg. He was at one time lieutenant-governor of New York. An army chaplain, the Rev. William Earn-

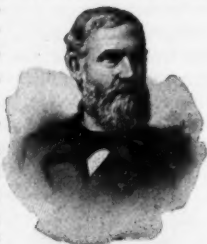


JOHN F. HARTRANFT.



JOHN C. ROBINSON.

shaw, of Ohio, succeeded the fighter of battles. A private soldier in '61, he afterwards served acceptably as chaplain at various points in the army, and after the war he was made chaplain of the National Military Home at Dayton, Ohio, where he died in '85. He was beloved by all soldiers who were so fortunate as to know him. With him began the one-term precedent which down to date has not been broken.... Chaplain Earnshaw was followed by Gen. Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, a soldier who bore on his body the marks of service rendered his country at the second battle of Bull Run and at Chancellorsville..... From this time, in the selection of a commander-in-chief, the tendency of the Grand Army set in toward the private soldier.



WILLIAM EARNSHAW.



LOUIS WAGNER.

Major George S. Merrill, of Massachusetts was next chosen. He resigned his position as postmaster at Lawrence to enter the army, and after the war he was reappointed postmaster. Later, he became Insurance Commissioner of his state..... The next Commander-in-chief chosen was one who had never worn shoulder-straps. Paul Van Der Voort enlisted from Illinois, when not yet sixteen years of age, and

after three months' service he re-enlisted. While others no braver than he were winning distinction in battle, he was pining for active service, a prisoner in the



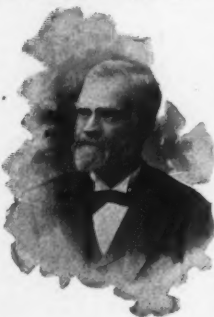
AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

Andersonville pen. He was a resident of Omaha, Neb., when chosen to head the Grand Army..... A Pennsylvania colonel was next called to the front, Col. Robert B. Beath, of Philadelphia, who lost a leg in the charge of his brigade on New Market Heights, Va., in the fall of 1864. He had been Surveyor General of his State, and had held various offices in the Grand Army. He will perhaps be best remembered as the compiler of Grand Army regulations and historian of the Grand Army of the Republic.*.... Private John



PAUL VAN DER VOORT.

S. Kountz, of Toledo, Ohio, next came to the front, the youngest man ever made



ROBERT B. BEATH.

Commander-in-Chief. He was born March 25, 1846. Paul Van der Voort was born a few weeks or months earlier. Young Kountz enlisted as a drummer

*The editor is under obligations to Colonel Beath for data found in his valuable History of the Grand Army of the Republic.

boy, but at the battle of Mission Ridge he threw away his drum and seizing a musket marched with his company in the advance. He there received a wound which necessitated the amputation of a leg. He was the third Commander-in-Chief who had lost a leg in battle..... We again return to the generals. Private Kountz was succeeded by Gen. S. S. Burdett, of Washington. General Burdett



JOHN S. KOUNTZ.



S. S. BURDETT.

enlisted as a private in the 1st Iowa Cavalry. Promotions followed fast. After the war he served in the Fifth Missouri district in Congress, filled the office of United States District Attorney, Commissioner of the General Land Office and other positions of honor and trust. Nearly twenty years ago he removed from St. Louis to Washington, D. C., where he built up a lucrative law practice..... A one-armed veteran was next elevated to the position of Commander-in-Chief. Gen. Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, enlisted as a private and was chosen Captain. At Gettysburg, then a colonel, an arm was shattered, compelling amputation near the shoulder. Resigning because of disabilities, he was made Governor of his State, and so popular was the genial old soldier that he was four



LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

times re-elected. Other honors came to him. He was made Consul to Liverpool, Consul-General to Paris and Minister to Spain. The General was one of the "boys" who never grew old. His death but continued his immortal youth.

.....Minnesota laid successful claim to the honor of succeeding General Fairchild. Major John P. Rea enlisted as a private and fought his way up until he wore the major's leaf. As



JOHN P. REA.

lawyer, as editor and as judge, he has ever been successful in all he has undertaken William Warner, of Missouri, was next in order. He made a good commander, and afterwards served in Congress with distinction. In the recent campaign, he was a conspicuous leader of the free silver republicans.



WILLIAM WARNER.

..... Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, succeeded and made a very popular Commander. His recent call to the headship of the War Department was gratifying to the Grand Army, as it was to the public generally..... Wheelock G. Veazey, of Vermont, was next chosen, and served one term with credit to himself. Then came John Palmer, of New York, A. G. Weissert, of Wisconsin, John G. B. Adams, of Massachusetts, Thomas G. Lawler, of Illinois, Ivan N.



RUSSELL A. ALGER.

Walker, of Indiana, and, bringing the list down to this year's encampment in Buffalo, Thaddeus S. Clarkson, of Nebraska, —all of whom served the Grand Army faithfully and well.

Of these twenty-five Commanders, the first eight, Stephenson, Hurlbut, Logan, Burnside, Devens, Hartmanft, Robinson and Earnshaw are dead, as is also Fairchild, the fifteenth in the list. In the distribution of the honor of this office among the States, Illinois, the birthplace of the order, has been four times honored, Rhode Island once, Massachusetts three times,

WHEELOCK G. VEAZEY.

Pennsylvania three times, New York twice, Ohio twice, Missouri twice, Nebraska twice, Wisconsin twice, Minnesota once, Michigan once, Vermont once, Indiana once.

The encampment this year was one of great interest. It was held in a city

easy of access by rail and steamer. The railroads and steamers centering there did all in their power to secure a general attendance, and Buffalo did her best to satisfy the large expectation.

But, after all, the chief interest in the encampment was the assemblage itself. The hand-clasp pictured on that plain copper badge of the Grand Army — the grandest badge



A. G. WEISSERT.

ever worn by an American citizen, is the encampment in epitome, —and yet with a difference. The forms pictured on this badge, representing the soldier and the sailor clasping hands, were long since too youthful, too erect, too suggestive of the splendid young manhood that made secession impossible. The youngest drummer boy of '61 is now past fifty, and between fifty and seventy the vigor



JOHN G. B. ADAMS.

of youth somehow slips away — leaving the boys of '61, 2, 3 and 4 conscious that the wounds they received in battle and the days they passed in hospital and the malaria that laid them low in the marsh-

es and river valleys of the South, have aged them more or less and taken at least a few years from their allotted time on the earth. There is in the handshake of these veterans once more encamped together a tremor not wholly of age, a blinding of the eyes with tears that have in them more of sentiment than the veterans themselves are willing to admit.

In respect to numbers in attendance

these Grand Army encampments have doubtless reached their zenith, and from this time on the numbers of actual wear-



THOMAS G. LAWLER.



IVAN N. WALKER.

ers of the copper button will become fewer and fewer. Well did the citizens of Buffalo seek to surpass all previous efforts as entertainers in honoring the Grand Army of the Republic. Well do the great cities of the North vie with one another in the privilege of welcoming the veterans. True, indeed, were those words that from the front of the Capitol in Washington, greeted our army of war-worn veterans as they marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in Grand Review thirty-two years ago last May: "*The only National debt we can never pay is the debt we owe the victorious Union Soldiers.*"

**

FOR the map, views and portraits from which were made the engravings that illustrate the Yukon Valley Gold Fields article in the present number, also for access to data relative to the history of the North American Transportation and Trading Company's Alaska enterprise, the editor of THE MIDLAND is indebted to Messrs. P. B. and W. W. Weare, of Chicago. It is scarcely necessary to say—for the paper shows for itself—that the views and opinions in the article are wholly the editor's,—the gentlemen above referred to being too broad-gauge to even suggest the slightest shading of facts or conclusions therefrom, and the writer feeling too deeply his editorial responsibility in the matter to seek to unduly influence anyone on a question of such vital importance.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

By some oversight the name of the publishers (Harper's) of Octave Thanet's latest story, "The Missionary Sheriff," was omitted in Mrs. Reid's review of the book (August MIDLAND). We note the omission for those book-collectors who prefer to deal directly with a publisher.

Miss Bertha M. Horak, of Iowa City, author of an extensively quoted social study of the Amana Colony and of a charming study of insect life entitled "A Cubic Foot of Earth," first published in this magazine, was married recently to Benjamin F. Shambaugh, head of the department of government and administration in the State University of Iowa, and a historian of unusual promise.

The Descriptive Paper Prize, in THE MIDLAND July competition has been awarded to Mrs. Florence Kerr Hillhouse, St. Paul. Her paper is entitled "Sketches of Egyptian Life." It will be beautifully illustrated with views gathered by the author during her stay in the "Land of the Pyramids."

A note from the author of "Princess Angeline" (in this number of THE MIDLAND) states that soon after the sketch was written the Princess died, and that the children of Seattle have since erected a monument to her memory.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Miss Carrie Shaw Rice's little book, "In Childland Straying," reached its third edition months ago. It is dedicated to the author's friends of the Tacoma, Wash., schools. Its thirty poems include several that owe their inspiration to Eugene Field, as for instance the adventures of Looly Bulooly and Billy Cum Bell on their way to China-land. "The Upright, Downright Boy," "his face alight with joy," is a pleasant acquaintance to meet at the outset. "By the Cow Yard Bars" is the story of a boy found by his father asleep "while the kine looked on with reproachful eyes." Years afterwards the great astronomer weary of honors looked back upon his childhood, through smiles and tears,—back

"To the old home scene and the silver stars,
And the dreaming boy by the cow yard bars."

The preëminent poem in this little book is "Rose of the Glen," a fairy tale. It has the swing of joyous youth and the all-including imagination which belongs to childhood. It begins:

"Oh! but the breath of the morning air
Was dewy and fresh and sweet,
And all around
Could be heard the sound
Of tiny, hurrying feet.

And fair and fresh as the glimmering pearls
That shone on the grass were the boys and girls
Who started out with their cups and pails
For the scarlet berries among the daisies.

Now one there was of the elfish throng
More lovely than all the rest,
All golden fair
Was her streaming hair
And daintily was she dressed.

She would sing and dream through the summer
day,
While her brothers and sisters were all at play;
And a wistful look in her pansy eyes
Would thrill her parents with strange surprise."

This white-souled girl was called "Rose of the Glen." As she lay on a grassy bank, with violets about her, she heard a strange sound and, looking up, saw a great balloon come sailing down, and she heard a strain of music which filled her



with rapture. The balloon stopped on a violet bank;

"And well she knew that the mystic band,
For her had journeyed from Fairyland."

She entered the balloon and her adventures are begun.

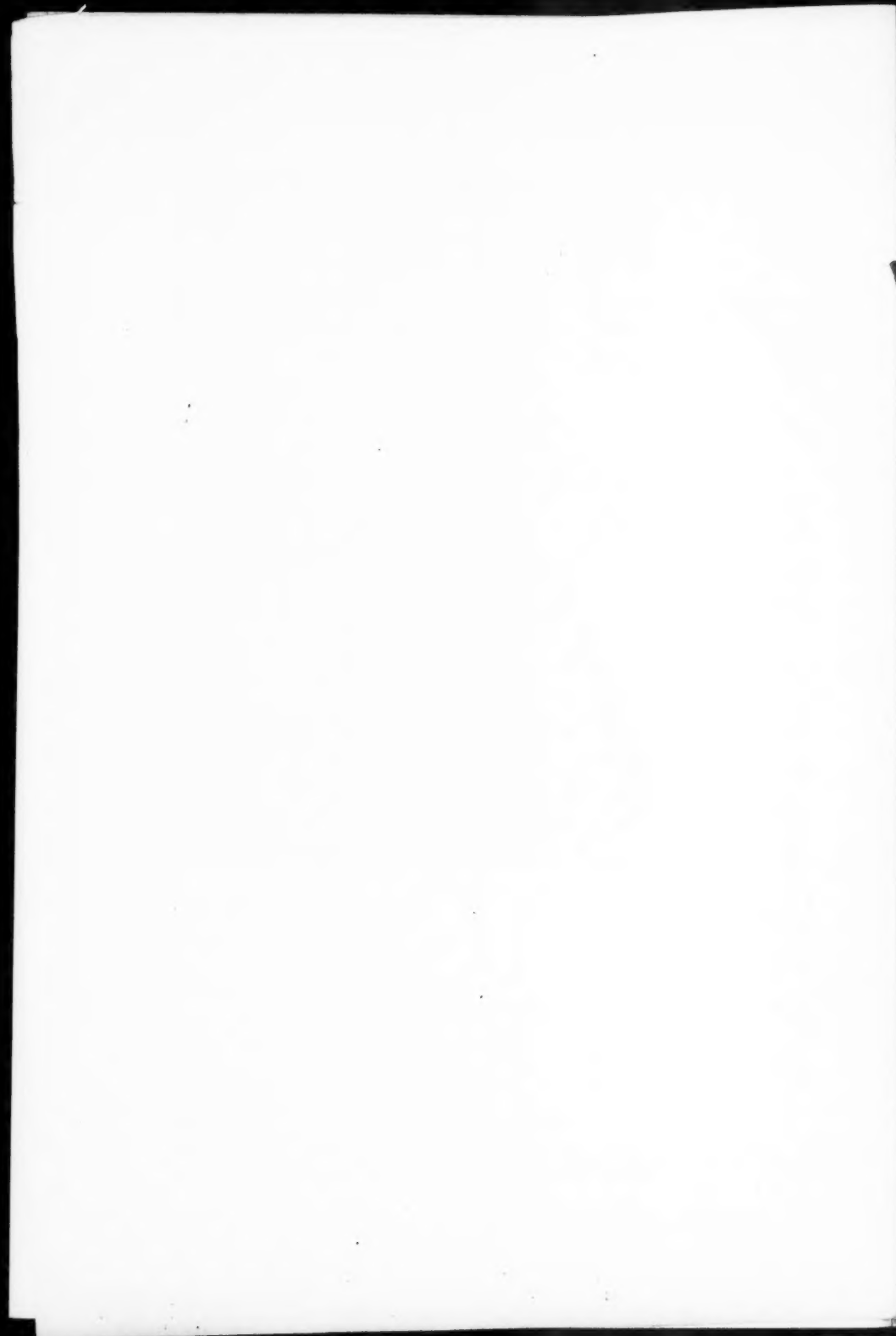
"And oft her brothers and sisters think,
In the glow of the sunset's gold and pink,
She is calling them to their sports again,
When a voice like hers rings through the glen."

Miss Rice has written poems for all the leading children's magazines. She is one of the critic teachers in the Tacoma Normal and Training School, and was recently appointed by the Governor a member of the State Board of Education. She has in preparation another book of poems.

Manitoba is bravely asserting her right to a place in the literary world, and we know of no Manitoba story-writer who gives more promise than Marie Edith Beynon, of Portage la Prairie. Mrs. Beynon's first book, "Saints, Sinners and Queer People,"* is well named. It includes seven stories, all of them worth reading, and some of them decidedly clever in conception and execution. Two of the seven have already appeared in these columns, namely, "Two Men and a Madonna" and "The Matrimonial Confidence Club," both of which are pleasantly remembered by many of our readers. "Nanny" is a touching story of a young girl "more sinned against than sinning." "Mrs. Chester" is a strong tale of woman's inhumanity to woman. "The Old-Fashioned Preacher" is a heart-warming

character sketch. "The Accused and a Pessimist" is a realistic story of a missing diamond-set brooch which an innocent woman had carried off in the fringe of her shawl, and of a lone woman whom the community had condemned chiefly because of non-conformity to the social standard of the village. In the end two good women, both misunderstood, come together with a helpfulness that is mutual. We shall look for at least a touch of Manitoba's coloring in Mrs. Beynon's next book, for of course there will be a next book, when, as in this case, the first is so full of promise.

*Robert Lewis Weed Company, publishers, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.



THE EDUCATOR

is published monthly by Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa. The Educator contains detailed information relative to the 30 distinct courses of study offered by Highland Park College. If you are interested in any line of educational work, send for a free copy. "A Little Book" and a Complete Catalogue will be mailed free also, to any one interested. C. C. REARICK, Principal, Des Moines, Iowa.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

Chief Black Hawk, so interestingly sketched by Mrs. Letts in this number of THE MIDLAND, though now nearly ninety year old, has made all arrangements to attend the coming State Fair in Des Moines, September 11-18, and supervise a game of La Crosse to be played by a number of young Sioux and Winnebago Indians. This will be a drawing feature.

The Latter Day Saints at Lamoni, in this state, will be described and pictured in the MIDLAND next month. Mr. Harry E. Lesan has long been intimately acquainted with the subject and with the people of Lamoni and has recently made two visits to that community that he might obtain new information and verify some of his self-questioned statements.

I see by the August number of THE MIDLAND that I am one of the successful "ten." The intelligence came as a pleasant surprise on my sixteenth birthday, as I have always enjoyed the magazine.—Fanny Challis, Rochester, Mich.

It will be very gratifying news to the many friends of Miss Bessie Smith to know that she has won the prize for the best short poem in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY contest. Miss Smith entered the contest and came out ahead of 200 contestants with the first prize.—Times, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miss Smith is well known in this city, being the sister of Samuel Bosworth Smith, the popular young lawyer. Miss Smith's friends will be glad to hear that her efforts are receiving suitable reward.—News, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Vinnie Ream Hoxie—Her Statue of Lincoln and Other Work," by Isadore Baker, an intimate friend of the sculptor, will soon be pictured in THE MIDLAND.

"Homes of Lady Henry Somerset, Castle, Priory and Cottage," by Alice Rossiter Willard, of Chicago, will be one of THE MIDLAND's November attractions, with six beautiful interior and exterior views.

The Overland Monthly has met with a loss in the death of Col. Charles F. Crocker, one of its staunch friends and supporters.]

Secretary Fowler has been indefatigable in his preparations for the coming State Fair in Des Moines, September 11-18, and he and his able corps of associates feel sure that, with abundance on every hand, and with unusually large and attractive exhibits in all departments, and many special attractions besides, the State Fair of 1897 will be a remarkable one.

A sample copy sent free—till October 1st—to everybody everywhere, on receipt of two cents postage per copy, to cover expense of wrapping and mailing. See special announcement in this number. Friends of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, send in lists of your friends and we'll do the rest.

The Dramatic Magazine, published in Chicago, is a new periodical surprisingly interesting and handsome in appearance. It abounds in portraits of popular actors and actresses and scenes from popular plays, and sketchy articles relating thereto. It also has original contributions of merit.

Forrest Crissey and Mrs. Frederick Schwatka will continue THE MIDLAND MONTHLY series of articles on Alaska themes in the October and November numbers of this magazine.

The August *International Magazine*, of Chicago, begins a new and promising serial by the great German novelist and dramatist, Hermann Sudermann, "The Stars Which Mankind Courts Not."

"Sketches of Egyptian Life," by Florence Kerr Hillhouse, a St. Paul authoress, to whom was awarded the Descriptive Paper Prize in the July competition, will appear in the October MIDLAND, illustrated with beautiful views gathered by the author during her residence in Egypt.

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THE ORCHESTRAL REGINA. The largest music box made. Having the same scope as a seven octave piano. A wonderful instrument. Can be arranged with money drop attachment for hotels and public places. Send for handsome illustrated catalogue.

General Northwestern Agent, Minnesota Regina Music Box Co., New York Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Publisher's Notes.—Continued.

Mrs. Frederick Schwatka has already contributed to this magazine one paper, to appear in October or November, probably November, entitled "Picturesque Juneau—In and About Alaska's Metropolis," and is preparing another paper descriptive of the perilous overland journey from Juneau to the upper Yukon, for the series of Alaska articles to be run in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY during the coming fall and winter. These articles will be illustrated with beautiful engravings from pictures taken on the numerous Alaska exploring expeditions in which Mrs. Schwatka accompanied her husband.

Another poet turns editor. Charles G. D. Roberts has become associate editor of the *Illustrated American*.

John Burroughs in the June 1st *Chap-Book* solved a mystery in his own pleasing bucolic fashion. "Why do imitations displease us?" he asks. "If we are fond of an author, why should not anything that recalls his quality and style to us give us pleasure?" The reader isn't likely soon to get the suggestion of the answer wholly out of the chamber of his memory. "One may like the taste of fish," says Mr. Burroughs, "but not in a duck; or he may like the flavor of onions, but not in the milk or butter."

CAN ONE MEDIUM DO IT ALL?

An advertisement placed in four or five high class magazines, so called, with large circulations, will not produce the same amount of returns as the same amount of money expended in magazines of smaller circulation individually, and which cover in the aggregate, a larger number of people.

I would rather use seven different magazines of 100,000 circulation apiece, than the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of 700,000 circulation, for the very simple reason that the 700,000 circulation I pay for, at a rate that presupposes that each and every one of those 700,000 people want my goods, whereas, with 100,000 circulation magazine, I can select the magazines which I think will reach the people I wish to reach.

If I find that one of my magazines does not pay, I can cut it off, but I cannot cut off that portion of the *Ladies' Home Journal* patronage which does not pay me. Therefore, I reiterate, that the large circulation magazine that calls for a rate such as that charged by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is dependent upon a fictitious possibility of return to the advertiser in order to get business.—E. St. Elmo Lewis, in *Push*.

COL. J. H. HARRISON'S GREAT FROM ST. LOUIS TO CALIFORNIA